

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }  
VOLUME XXXI. }

No. 3223 April 14, 1906.

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Vol. CCKLVIV. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,  
6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the U. S. or Canada.

Postage to foreign countries in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

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## THE LIFE-SINGERS.

There are who sing too clear  
 This world's most musically mournful  
 song,  
 Whose tear-fraught voices, terrible  
 and strong,  
 Would pierce the heart of one who  
 stayed to hear.

For this, men go their way  
 Afraid to listen, lest the agony  
 Of that same song should lift their  
 eyes to see  
 The hidden meaning of a hideous day.

The world that loves its own  
 And nothing more; and nothing more  
 will hear  
 But of its own, cries "Peace! You  
 sing too clear!"  
 'Tis well; they turn and sing for God  
 alone.

But know for all time this:  
 There's blood upon the way the Saints  
 have trod,  
 The singer of a day shall pass and  
 die,  
 The world itself shall pass, who  
 passed them by;  
 But they of the exceeding bitter  
 cry,  
 When Death itself is dead and life is  
 bliss,  
 Shall stand in Heaven and sing their  
 song to God.

*Ethel Edwards.*

*The Outlook.*

## UNVEILED.

Deep in the stillness of a night  
 Whose rain had drenched the way I  
 trod  
 I wakened from day's earthy dreams  
 And walked alone with God.

The moaning winds were hushed in  
 rest,  
 The world seemed sleeping after  
 pain,  
 And where the cloudy rack had gloomed  
 The stars shone clear again.

Each wayside puddle held a glimpse  
 Of heights wherein it used to dwell,

As if the rain had brought with it  
 Memories of whence it fell.

Rained down and drowned in dusky  
 pools  
 The quiet stars lay shining through;  
 And earth was all so steeped in heaven  
 That it was heaven too.

I listened, and the voice of God  
 Spoke to me in that lonely place;  
 I raised my eyes in wondering fear,  
 And looked, and saw His face.

And ever since, I see but God  
 In earth and man, in deep and height,  
 As one whose eyes the sun has filled  
 Looks round, and sees but light.

*A. St. John Adcock.*

*The Academy.*

## A WIDOW'S MITE.

(IN THE WEST COUNTRY.)

I 'ad awnly wan li'l bwoy,  
 An' 'es vather wuz dead.  
 Aw, ma dear sawl—tha cheel  
 Wi' 'es touzled head!

'Twern't much that I cude du;  
 But me 'eart wuz glad  
 To toll tha long day dru  
 Vor ma li'l lad.

I 'ad awnly wan thing left—  
 Ma barefoot bwoy;  
 He 'ad a thousand things  
 To give 'im joy:

Tha sea, tha weeds an' shells,  
 An' tha boats a-fishin':  
 An' still to be a man  
 Tha cheel wuz wishin'.

Wan day they brought 'im 'ome—  
 Wet touzled 'ead!—  
 An' they never spake a word—  
 An' tha bwoy wuz dead.

Dawn't talk to me, ma dear,  
 But let me be.  
 I can hear ma laddle call  
 In tha cry o' tha sea.

*Arthur L. Salmon.*

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

## MR. BERNARD SHAW'S COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT OF WOMEN.

Surveying in imagination the gallery of counterfeit presentments of women as portrayed by Mr. Bernard Shaw, it must be admitted that, on the whole, they are an unlovable, unpleasing collection. Where did Mr. Shaw meet some of them? I do not know nor wish to know; but if anything could justify the drowning of female infants, it is the dreadful possibility that they might grow up to resemble Ann Whitefield, Julia Craven, Mrs. Dudgeon, or Blanche Sartorius.

No bad test of a woman's sterling qualities is whether other women can make a friend of her. Now among all Mr. Shaw's women characters there is hardly one who would not altogether break down under such a test; and what is strange is that, unlike Shakespeare's heroines (I borrow Mr. Shaw's excellent jest, and compare him with Shakespeare) they never seem to have any women friends and confidantes, whereas the Shakespearian heroines, with the sole exception, I think, of Ophelia, always have them. The strangeness, however, is not in the fact of these particular women having no women friends, for there is nothing in them for friendship, implying as it does affection, to take hold of. No; what is strange is that Mr. Shaw should never once have represented a friendship between two women. But the chapter on Friendship in the *Book of Womanhood* being more than halfway through the volume, Mr. Shaw may not yet have got so far.

One cannot accuse Mr. Shaw of "cooking up" his portraits of women as character-sketches, just as sometimes critical articles are "cooked up" out of newspaper cuttings and books by persons quite unable to sift the chaff from the wheat, with results which most of

us have had cause to know. His ideas of women are revolutionary enough to please the author of the *Revolutionists' Handbook*, and quite ill-considered enough to form part of that rattle-pate's stock-in-trade of Talk. And when the practice of the Great Dramatist of all others, the naturalness of whose feminine characters women and all non-topsy-turvy men alike admit, conflicts with Mr. Shaw's ideas, he does not overhaul his ideas to see whether there may not be some fault in them. Not he! He tells us we have been misreading and misinterpreting Shakespeare all our lives! Not we! That is too much, though the whys and wherefores are too long to enter upon here.

It is as if a painter never having seen a cat were to read all the famous naturalists' conflicting eulogies upon or diatribes against the feline race, and, striking a balance, draw what he thought must be the portrait of a cat. A curious sort of creature would result, like nothing in existence, and the last person to know what it was meant for would probably be Madame Ronner. And so to a woman many of Mr. Bernard Shaw's portraits of women seem more unrecognizable than to a man—unless, indeed, he be a very wise man, a great deal wiser than Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Again, Mr. Shaw never draws a genuine lady—a woman who will pass as a woman all round and as a lady, too, though Major Barbara, if she grows up, will be an exception, I think. Let him who is free from snobbishness first cast a stone at me. Lady Cicely, in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," is in some ways the nearest approach, but she is an outrageous meddler, and a confirmed busybody, with highly elas-

tic ideas of truthfulness and that elaborate equipment of feminine wiles and duplicities which may be effectual with Mr. Shaw's foolish and "sawny" men, but would certainly be poor weapons anywhere else. Even Candida, the most sensible, and in some ways the best rounded off and most natural of Mr. Shaw's women characters, cannot quite pass as a lady. And that terrible old father of hers! The term "lady" may be weak and question-begging, but what other is there?

Certainly both Ann Whitefield and Violet somehow manage not to look quite, *quite* the thing, especially Violet. All the women characters, in fact, for one reason or another, cannot be allowed to pass—unless we except Major Barbara.

Mr. Shaw's women belong to several types. Generally speaking, if not more or less disagreeable, or at least unpleasing, they are either hard as nails, like Vivie in "Mrs. Warren's Profession," or colossally selfish or merely bleating old sheep like Mrs. Whitefield, whose sole achievement, and that unexplained, is that she has somehow contrived to be the mother of the redoubtable Ann—an achievement of doubtful benefit to humanity. Most of Mr. Shaw's heroines are young, and the great majority good-looking. Some of them, in particular Ann Whitefield, are highly endowed with a mysterious quality which Mr. Shaw calls "vitality." The moment the experienced Shawite (Shavite, Shavian) sees the word "vitality," he is all agog; he scents mischief. One can imagine the young man meditating matrimony, fearfully wondering, after seeing "Man and Superman," what may be in store for him should his future wife have any vitality, and, with that awful possibility in view, reflecting on the wisdom of Mr. Punch's famous advice to other young men in his case. Candida, the one of Mr. Shaw's heroines

who is far most useful in the world, is not stated to have any "vitality," nor even to be "vital"; whereas Ann and Violet, utter cumberers of the ground and parasites both of them, appear to overflow with this remarkable quality. I await anxiously "Major Barbara" in book form to see whether Barbara has any of it. Probably not. Gloria Clendon in "You Never Can Tell," the only one of Mr. Shaw's plays, except "Major Barbara," which appeals not exclusively to the intellect, though this may be merely the acting—is "muscularly plump, compact, and supple," but also appears to have no "vitality." Blanche Sartorius ("Widowers' Houses") chiefly shows hers by flouncing about, getting into furious tantrums, and (one suspects) banging the doors and possibly the furniture. She would be odious did she suggest life more. Julia Craven, in "The Philanderer," surely the worst of the plays, is also in frequent tantrums, but of a different kind from Blanche's rages of jealous affection into which she has worked herself for a man whose chief good point is that he has the sense to wish to steer clear of her. Julia's sorrows move us not an atom.

Some of Mr. Shaw's women lack all sense of womanly restraint, and others lack even a grain of common sense. Julia not only lacks all sense of pride, but, being a very modern lady, evidently thinks self-respect and self-control old-fashioned virtues, for which she has no longer any use. At any rate, her character, as Mr. Shaw gives it in its entirety, is incredible. One can only feel shame that any man should so depict a woman, and wonder how Mr. Shaw can have conceived so low an ideal of women. Few of us, perhaps, could pose as models of any one virtue, let alone of Virtue; we are not even collateral descendants of Solomon's Virtuous Woman. But we are not so bad as Mr. Shaw makes out.

In the whole of Shakespeare's plays, and as far as I know in all the works of the world's greatest writers, there is not a female character of whom one feels as one does of certain women characters in Mr. Shaw's plays; and the reason, I think, is that no one else has drawn such utterly, hopelessly, weakly, contemptible types of women, and drawn them, moreover, without that sympathy which it was ignorantly urged as a fault against Balzac that he had even with his most debased characters. Many a writer has depicted much worse women than the worst of Mr. Shaw's, worse in the eye of the law, at least; but if made of worse, they are also made of stronger stuff; their vices are coarser and greater, and therefore less mean, less petty. One might well have some respect for a woman who could tell a good black lie; one has none for a woman everlastingly telling half-truths. One might well have some respect for a woman openly wearing the *Scarlet Letter*; one has none for a woman trying to sport the white flower of a blameless life on top of it.

If women as a sex are as Mr. Shaw depicts them, taking the majority of his women characters, especially the earlier ones, then it is good-bye "for always and always and always" to any real improvement in our position as a sex. For it is self-evident that responsibilities cannot be placed on, or any work of value expected from, wheedling feline creatures whom no one could treat seriously and no one hold to anything unless they happened to wish to be held; or from wild-eyed creatures whose chief work in life is to throw themselves at the head of some man who wishes them at the North Pole and would be a fool if he wished them nearer, or from old ladies either feebly prattling or odiously, snarlingly disagreeable. I leave out of court Gloria and Nora, neither of them really un-

amiable, but I have not much hope of girls who at their age have so little sense and gumption as to talk as Gloria to Valentine or Nora to Broadbent. No one can get on without gumption, least of all a woman. And though a girl so hard and matter-of-fact as Vivie Warren is certainly not likely to go the way of her mother, she is equally unlikely to become a lovable woman, even if she is what Mr. Shaw exultantly calls "unromantic." If she ever should become lovable, it will be because Life turns its attention to her, and thrashes her as only Life can. When Mr. Shaw does endow a woman with business ability and managing faculties, what does she do with them? Engages in the White Slave Traffic, and waxes fat thereon!

Candida, it may be said, is not a fool, nor is Major Barbara. True; and they are the only ones of Mr. Shaw's women characters womanly and sensible enough for one to wish to know. Yet I am not convinced of the entire naturalness of Barbara, and when she learns many things, there is yet one more she would have learned—to see through that palavering fraud of a lover of hers. Even Candida is the same generic type as nearly all her literary sisters. For, in one of her creator's curious prefatory preachings, he says:—

Her ways are those of a woman who has found that she can always manage people by engaging their affection, and who does so frankly and instinctively without the smallest scruple. So far, she is like any other pretty woman who is just clever enough to make the most of her sexual attraction for trivially selfish ends; but Candida's serene brow, courageous eyes, and well-set mouth and chin signify largeness of mind and dignity of character to ennoble her cunning in the affection.

Exactly so, a "cat" in posse, whereas the others are mostly cats in "esse."

Matronly Mrs. Clandon one feels is not unamiable, and any woman, but no girl, must share her weakness for her monkey of a daughter, Dolly. At the same time she has more intellect than affection, too much of the one and too little of the other, the type of woman who makes a better mother than wife and a better old maid (of the entirely modern, Miss Cobbe type) than either. When one of the characters says *at* rather than *to* her, "women can be very hard," one feels he is quite justified. One knows she has taken her part in that foolishness of duels, the duel of sex, and has probably made a great many very untenable statements on women's rightest platforms. One can almost hear her declaiming in sonorous tones about equal rights and the wrongs of women. She is, in fact, that terror to women—a woman who is always extravagantly sounding their praises and championing their cause in season and out. Had Mr. Shaw made her somewhat of an old frump, he would have been truer to life. He, however, merely makes her matronly and comfortable-looking, with uncompromising views and an utter incapacity to conceive herself in the wrong. One knows she is speaking truthfully when she says to Valentine (in love with her daughter in Shavianly "sawny" fashion) that she has never been in love and that she is not sorry.

A life devoted to the Cause of Humanity has enthusiasms and passions to offer which far transcend the selfish personal infatuations and sentimentalities of romance.

Of Mr. Shaw's matrons, however, Candida ranks first, although her character is certainly no better drawn than that of Mrs. Clandon, if as well. In each case the husband is overshadowed. Nobody will ever remember the name of the Reverend James Mavor

Morell; it is impossible to think of him as anything but "Candida's husband." And the cornery Clandon could never have been anything but "Mrs. Clandon's husband," let him rage never so furiously. That Candida, who is in some ways singularly like a colonial woman, should have been human enough to pretend to flirt with the incredible noodle Eugene is quite likely; she is too much of a woman not to be a bit of a devil at times. But that a lower middle-class English woman, who might reasonably be supposed to have the intensely jealous, monopolizing instincts of her class, should have been able to look so sensibly on all her husband's typists, one after the other, being in love with him, is hardly credible. No; in real life the Reverend James Mavor Morell would have had either to dispense with typists altogether or to get one of his own sex. Every woman of Candida's class will admit the wisdom of her conduct, and then go and *not* do likewise.

Candida, so far from being hysterical like so many of Mr. Shaw's women, is almost aggravatingly cool and calm and sensible. As Mr. Shaw says, she will certainly become matronly; and she will certainly become more and not less managing (according to Mr. Shaw "managing" something or somebody is as the breath of life to a woman), though her good sense will probably retard the development of busybodyism. Like Mrs. Clandon, she has never been in love—Mr. Shaw will think this is the highest compliment that can be paid her. It is no discredit to her taste that she is bored with her husband's rhetoric; and though one can only sympathize when she goes to sleep while Eugene reads his poetry to her, one cannot but feel that she would probably have done the same thing had Herrick risen from the daisied grass under the shadow of Dean Prior Church to read his "Hesperides" to her. One cannot

but feel, in fact, that her practicality has its limitations, and that, after a certain point, pretty soon reached, she would be neither interesting nor sympathetic—in the French sense of the word. There are far more characters, more situations in life that she would not than that she would understand. Yet she is by far the best in the way of a woman that Mr. Shaw seems able to give us. Dear Barbara is hardly out of her teens.

Mrs. Warren, though her claims to be called a matron are more than doubtful, at least poses as one. Her case, and consequently that of all women whose sole dowry, capital, and stock-in-trade are their appearance and gift of pleasing men, is monstrously overstated. Perhaps it is this overstatement, perhaps it is that Mr. Shaw has no Balzacian sympathy for his worst characters, that the reader is left absolutely untouched by the play. It is extraordinary how incapable Mr. Shaw seems of pathos. When one begins to learn and to stick fast over the long and difficult chapter in the Book of Life headed "*Tout connaitre, c'est tout pardonner*"—a chapter which some of us never begin and few of us end—one has left virtuous indignation quite behind one, and there are few, perhaps no characters, with whom a writer could not make us feel some sympathy if only he had skill and sympathy enough himself. But Mrs. Warren disgusts, and only disgusts. Even when she makes her confession to her daughter, she is insincere; she suppresses some facts and distorts others; she cants, she snivels, she whimpers. Her business is none the less considerable because it is immoral; and if she had the ability and force of character to carry on and superintend it, one cannot conceive her so mean and revolting as she is represented. The climax is reached when she tells Vivie (who has left her and is earning a living for herself) that

if she had her life over again, she would bring her up—her own daughter—in one of her own "houses." The unredeemed and unredeemable brute that she is comes out to the full. The subject is too unpleasant to pursue, beyond adding that there is at least one person whom Mr. Shaw has not convinced of the naturalness and consistency of Mrs. Warren as he has shown her.

Of the other Shavian matrons, Mrs. Dudgeon, in "*The Devil's Disciple*," who dies before the play is far advanced, is truly "not a prepossessing woman." She is fiercely respectable, furiously bad-tempered—a mass of odiousness unredeemed, and so entirely innocent of any softness or tenderness as even to be harsh to her own brother's lone, motherless child, "a bastard," as Mrs. Dudgeon Levitically calls her, adding that "People who fear God don't fear to give the Devil's work its right name." She is represented as enjoying an unquestioned reputation for piety and respectability, and perhaps in a place where goodness was measured by disagreeableness this might have been so; but disagreeableness is not, with all deference to Mr. Shaw, the commonly accepted standard of goodness. From all which the inference will be that Mrs. Dudgeon is merely a monstrously exaggerated and overdrawn type of a severe Puritan matron of sternly unbending principles. Her one human trait is, as she tells Anderson, the most manly and honest parson Mr. Shaw has ever drawn, that her heart belonged not to her husband just dead, but to his scapegrace brother, Essie's father. Then if she had heart enough for that, she would have had heart enough to turn to his neglected child. The last act of this amiable woman is with her dying breath to curse one of her sons. "I don't think I could have borne her blessing," he says.

Lady Undershaft in "Major Barbara" belongs to a type of which Mr. Shaw is fond—a woman always wrong and always convinced she is right; excessively managing and meddlesome to boot. Her children, like Mrs. Dudgeon's, do *not* rise up and call her blessed.

In "The Devil's Disciple" is a study of the parson's young wife, Judith Anderson, who is rather different from any of Mr. Shaw's other characters, except that she has little or no control over her emotions, and from being barely civil to a man she quickly comes to forgetting that she is a wife, and throwing herself at his head—putting herself, in fact, in one of those intensely, singeingly humiliating positions which, it is to be hoped, are reserved for Mr. Shaw's women characters, and in which certainly no man has power to put a woman, except by her own fault.

Judith, it is worth noting, has not much of the mysterious "vitality." She is supposed to be "ladylike," but she is not enough of a woman to be genuinely a lady. Not having "wit enough to make every one do her will," it may be gathered that she is neither such a liar nor so outrageous a hypocrite as Ann or the other women whom Mr. Shaw liberally endows with "vitality."

As for good old Mrs. Whitefield ("Man and Superman"), whose part is extraordinarily well acted and dressed, so long as she is petted and allowed to prattle, she wants nothing more. What delights her heart is to have a sympathetic listener like Tanner—a twentieth-century edition of Talkative—and find so perspicacious and reflective a person agreeing with herself that Ann is "not quite an angel." Her chief practical use, now that Ann no longer needs a nurse (if she ever did), is to serve her daughter as a convenient though unwilling peg on which to hang

the responsibility for her actions. She is a singularly human old lady, but for perfect naturalness her foolishness is mixed with rather too much shrewdness, and her ineffectiveness and feebleness a trifle erratically carried out. When Ann is not present she sometimes grows quite wise. She tells the particular embodiment of sawniness, called by Mr. Shaw Octavius, and by Ann "Ricky-Ticky-Tavy," that she does not know which is best for a young man—to know too little like him or too much like Tanner the Talkative. And she weakly giggles over the prospect of Ann at last meeting her match in Tanner. In fact, no one would deny that, on the whole, Mr. Shaw's old lady, if not a very wise is at least a possible person.

Also, strange to say, when he draws a very young girl, too young to have begun trying to catch men, Mr. Shaw succeeds better than he does with a grown-up girl or a woman. Essie, in "The Devil's Disciple," is a perfectly natural, affectionate child, and the only criticism one feels inclined to pass on Dolly Clandon is that she, like her brother, is rather preternaturally smart. Certainly she would never have made such a fool of herself before a man as does the learned Gloria, whose commonsense and womanly wit have been swamped, it seems, in too much study. No power on earth will persuade a woman that even a girl brought up like Gloria, "haughtily high-minded and domineering," as she may be, "obeying nothing but her sense of what is right, hating weakness and sentiment," in fact, a "feminine prig," as Valentine truly calls her, would be such an utter fool, such a fool of fools, with a man. Indeed, as the love-scene (for want of a better term) proceeds between Gloria and Valentine, one can only say of Gloria's part, "Foolisher and foolisher." She, too, shortly goes what Mr. Shaw seems to think the way of all feminine

flesh, and hunts down and nobbles the man who has at least earned her gratitude for having taught her to be a woman. Mr. Shaw's women, by the way, are mighty huntresses; they never mark down a man as their prey without laying him low. Even Nimrod's and Dian's bolts sometimes failed of their aim or hit the wrong mark; but one of Mr. Shaw's women characters miss her aim—never!

Yet another of this wonderful gallery of heroines who is also a fool of fools—Nora. It is idle to say that she was brought up in a remote country village, and could know nothing of the world. A woman's instincts, though they do not teach her such facts as are considerably revealed by Crofts to Vivie Warren, do teach her not to ask a man such senseless questions as Nora asks Broadbent.

Now let us turn to the business girl, the girl-worker, as seen by Mr. Shaw. If one wanted to convince a man who was a heretic on the subject of women workers, one would be careful to put well out of his reach the "Plays Unpleasant," and it might not be desirable for him to read "Candida." If he read and pondered over Vivie Warren, he would probably become unconvertible. For Vivie, though very businesslike and capable, is, truth to tell, an unsympathetic little beast. "Permanently unromantic, permanently single," she proclaims herself, and from the man's point of view this is clear gain. She is rough and bouncing, with more strength than she knows what to do with, for when she shakes hands the poor owners of the hands feel inclined to sit down and suck their bruised fingers afterwards. Her voice, too, was certainly not "gentle and low." She probably plays hockey; her movements are doubtless clumsy; and, though Mr. Shaw does not know that she is untidy, I do. She has no mock modesty, but even she would never

have appalled Praed (the most decent of Mrs. Warren's hangers-on) by saying to him: "Why won't my mother's life bear to be talked about?" A girl of twenty-two *might* say such a thing to a man she knew well and trusted much, but not to a stranger of ten minutes' acquaintance. Moreover, Vivie often knows almost as much too much as Nora and Gloria know too little. She is not at all unduly appalled by subsequent revelations, and finally, when she learns how the money has been got which paid for her college education, with various other highly edifying details as to her parentage and that of her would-be lover, she tells her angry and snivelling mother that she is "a conventional woman at heart"; she does one thing and believes in another, and that is why she—Vivie—is leaving her. Not, one infers, because of her mother's profession—a most Shavianly impossible touch.

Nor is Proserpine Garnett, Candida's husband's typist, an attractive character, being shrewish, sharp-tongued, and snarling, though pardonably tired of hearing Candida called the Just. One feels that that poor typewriter as well as the Reverend James Mavor Morell's doors gets well banged. She weeps stormily when Morrell addresses to her a slight and not unmerited rebuke, and "with an explosive sob, she makes a dash at the door, and vanishes, banging it." Morell may well shake his head and resignedly laugh. However, she is human enough to have some affection in her, which makes her fly at the foolish curate, and wash up dishes, peel potatoes and "abase herself in all manner of ways for six shillings a week."

Last of all I come to Ann, Ann, Mr. Shaw's darling, whom it is inconceivable that even Roebuck Ramsden could have been inept enough to call Annie, and Violet—two birds of a feather. Ann has not merely "vitality"; she is a

"vital genius." Heaven preserve us from "vital geniuses"! "In short what the weaker of her own sex sometimes call a cat." Perhaps so, if they know nothing of cats or have a spite against them.

Whether Ann is good-looking or not, we are told, is largely a matter of taste, but it is clear that if you do not admire her you are pretty certainly some spiteful, jealous female. "She is perfectly ladylike." Is she? "She is graceful and comely, with ensnaring eyes and hair." It is doubtless the fault of sex that I am not thereby ensnared.

Ann has carried the art of man-hunting to its highest pitch of development (though she finds it at times very hard work) in that barely ten minutes after Tanner has said that he "won't, won't, won't, won't" marry her, he is edifying every one, at 250 words a minute, with the details of his wedding arrangements. Before Ann every one goes down like ninepins. Would they? It is "Do this and he—or she—doeth it," only that Ann is to clever to say "do this." Her mother and Tanner alone take her true measure. Every one else apparently thinks her an angel. Did they? Of her, on the afternoon of his putting his head in the fatal noose, Tanner says, giving chapter and verse for his assertions to the assenting Mrs. Whitefield, that Ann is a liar, a coquette and a bully. In short, she is almost something for which he knows no polite name. No more do I, though I know some very impolite ones.

In real life Ann would be a parasite, a good-for-nothing, and generally a nuisance, one of those creatures the devil (not Mr. Shaw's) strews around when he comes going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it. She would commit every sin and bear the blame for none; and she would, no doubt, throw dust in most men's and

in no women's eyes. But she would hardly find ready to order a man like Tanner made on purpose for her to play with. In Mr. Shaw's amazing preface I read:—

The woman's need of (the man) to enable her to carry on Nature's most urgent work, does not prevail against him until his resistance gathers her energy to a climax at which she dares to throw away her customary exploitations of the conventional, affectionate, and dutiful poses, and claim him by natural right for a purpose that far transcends their mortal personal purposes.

What Shavianisms have we here? Am I to understand that it is Ann's maternal instinct that is driving her to catch the kicking, struggling, protesting Tanner, who, poor man, knows he is going to his doom? Maternal fiddlesticks! Why, if Ann ever does have any children (she hopes she never will) it will be Mrs. Whitefield who will bring them up, Tanner the while talking nineteen to the dozen, or they will die of neglect, even if they are not talked to death.

No; I can sketch Ann's future. She will long preserve her youth, and the remarkable way she does it will be still more striking in contrast with Tanner's premature old age. Never having had any virtue herself, she has always been a great stickler for it in other people; and this anxiety for other people's morals will continue, and be one of the chief causes hounding Tanner on to an early grave. Ann, in fact, will develop into a first-class British matron, who may steal the horse herself and any number of horses, but whose principles will not allow her to suffer any one else to look at, much less over, the fence.

Like the King, she can do no wrong. Whatever she has done, some one else will bear the blame, some one else set-

tle the score. In ten years at most she will have driven Tanner to his grave—alas, poor Tanner! Then as a grief-stricken widow she will cast her nets for another man (the Life Force as before assisting), and she will catch him too, and probably another after that, and I should not be surprised if there were another after that, with plenty of Ricky-Ticky-Tavies thrown in to fill up any intervals. Her “vital genius” will grow with all the men that it feeds upon. Unless, of course, one of the marked down victims should be public-spirited enough to strangle her in a moment of exasperation, and, though such is the harshness of the law, a verdict of Justifiable Homicide could scarcely be hoped for, yet if the world had only to pay the price of one man’s life for getting rid of Ann it might think it had got off dirt cheap.

This glorious specimen of woman-kind, this “vital genius,” this incarnation of feminine qualities, has a fellow in Violet, who is much less “vital,” however, but also more human. She is very elegant, from the “dead bird” in

*The Fortnightly Review.*

her smart hat, to her shoes and gloves, and she is not without wits when she chooses to use them, though she is quite as great a parasite as Ann and quite as innocent of any kind of morality. She has, withal, a lively appreciation of the advantages of money, and an excellent eye to the main chance. Had she been less intolerably idle, she might have been a good woman of business. If you gave her £2000 a year, however, she would certainly spend £2100. She is hard as nails and almost as devoid of affection as Ann. Mr. Shaw’s “vital genuluses” evidently considering hearts merely as convenient arrangements for forcing the blood round and round their bodies.

“Fiat Voluntas mea! Pereat Mundus!” is the guiding principle of Mr. Shaw’s women endowed with vitality. Then “Pereat Vitalitas!”

Truly a glorious assemblage of feminine portraits with which Mr. Shaw has enriched the world. Yet for Candida’s sake a little, and for Major Barbara’s much, may be forgiven him.

*Constance A. Barnicoat.*

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### MR. JOHN BURNS THE WORKMAN-MINISTER.

Mr. John Burns is the first workman who has risen to the position of Cabinet Minister. Representatives of labor have held subordinate posts in former Liberal Governments, and working-men have been Ministers in colonial Legislatures; but these offices are not comparable in influence or in importance with the high position which Mr. Burns is called upon to fill. Without previous official administrative experience, local or national, he is placed at the head of a great department of State. Many times before he has been pressed to take office; he might have been Chairman of the London County Council years ago; but he preferred to

retain his freedom as a fighter in the ranks. The time was bound to come when one whose policy was constructive had to assume the responsibility of office and power, instead of inspiring, directing, and guiding reforms through others. The accession of Mr. Burns to the Cabinet is a well-merited recognition of his abilities, and is also a triumph for Labor and Democracy.

As President of the Local Government Board Mr. Burns has multifarious duties committed to his charge. He has to sanction local loans, supervise the finances of local authorities, hold inquiries into proposed new undertakings, exercise the (almost) legislative

powers which Parliament has delegated to him by way of provisional orders, and is armed with large powers of initiative, inspection, revision, and veto, so that in some respects he can revolutionize the whole system of local administration. In the domain of Poor Law his authority is paramount. He revises, for example, the rules and regulations which guide the system of relief and the administration of the Poor Law, passes plans for new workhouses, settles the wages of the nurses and porters, and fixes the amount of snuff (if any) which a pauper may receive. Sanitary legislation is also under his supervision, as he acts as Minister of Public Health, and beyond the more strictly local governmental functions belonging to his department, there is the social side of his work, such as the administration of the Allotments Acts, the Unemployed Act, inquiring into housing conditions, &c. And all these vast and many-sided responsibilities under the existing laws, and the opportunities of extending them by administrative orders, and of introducing new measures, have been confided to John Burns, the "man with the red flag," the old champion of the unemployed, the working engineer, labor leader, organizer of the new unionism, militant socialist, pamphleteer, County Councillor, parliamentarian, and the workers' tribune.

The elevation of a working-man to the position of Cabinet Minister may seem a bold thing for the Prime Minister to have done; it has certainly proved the most popular appointment which he has made. It awakened the greatest enthusiasm among the rank and file of the Labor and Radical parties. It was received in a sympathetic spirit by Mr. Burns's opponents, who, while detesting his views, recognize his unimpeachable honesty and sincerity.

What training has Mr. Burns had for a Cabinet office? How will he acquit

himself and rise to the height of his new responsibilities? How will his administration affect the nation?

Those who have known Mr. Burns longest and have watched his career closely have confidence in his judgment and in his ability. To understand his position one must know something of his record, his methods of work, and, above all, his character. He has had no precursor in political life; no one whose career has run on parallel lines. Workmen representatives we have had in plenty, but they have never done so much, or gone so far, or attained the same practical results. Socialists we have had who have watered down their policy until they drifted into Liberalism, or who have clung to their revolutionary methods and beaten the wind in the political desert. But we have not before had in public life one who began his career in a workshop at the age of ten, and finds himself a Cabinet Minister at forty-seven; and who through all his life has not sacrificed his opinions or changed his policy, except to adapt his methods to better attain the aims he had in view.

Mr. John Burns decided to become a Minister in pursuance of the policy which he adopted when he became a County Councillor. His conduct he explained as follows (this Review, March, 1892):

When I commenced my duties [as County Councillor] I had to choose between being an industrial Hal o' the Wynd, a mere advocate of abstract ideas, a propagandist of visionary aims and theories, and in so being reduce myself to the level of a faddist—standing alone, free but impotent, or the practical pioneer of the advancing labor host, desiring and slowly winning a higher social, municipal, and intellectual life.

With the accession of a Liberal Government to power he had to choose between pushing forward social reform

and labor legislation as the head of a section only of the reinforced Labor party, becoming involved, perhaps, in internal differences and jealousies, compelled to harass the Government as often as to help it, or, on the other hand, frankly to enter the Cabinet, pursuing a constructive and progressive policy in his own department, and permeating, as much as he could, the general policy of the Government with the same ideas.

Mr. Burns as statesman and Minister should not be judged solely by his services for labor—ineestimable as they have been—or by his record as a municipal reformer—fruitful in the results achieved—or by his speeches—brilliant as they often are—but by the possession of various qualities essential for successful statesmanship. We have to distinguish between Mr. Burns the aggressive fighter and fiery demagogue and Mr. Burns the shrewd politician and practical administrator. In the first place, there is his fitness for the particular office which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has called upon him to fill. He brings to the Local Government Board a mind well stored with practical information gained by twenty years' work for municipal government. He has a high sense of public duty and a conscientious desire to do the best in any position which he fills. He is cautious enough not to touch anything which he does not understand. He is a tireless and most conscientious worker. No one can extract more enthusiasm from a Blue-book, or sift with more lucidity the details of dry official returns. In his well-stocked library, the acquisition of which has meant untold and painful sacrifices, he has one of the finest arsenals a fighting politician could possess. He has always been careful in getting up his speeches on public questions; in fact, his speeches have suffered, if anything, from being overcharged with facts and figures, which

however, Mr. Burns marshals and handles with great dexterity. Over-preparedness is a virtue in a Minister. Courage of a high degree Mr. Burns has always had; discretion he has acquired by experience. He is a diplomatist. He adopts the best course to attain his ends. He has not always appeared in public as the exponent of the policy which he has initiated, and his influence has been felt in many quarters where his hand has not been seen. Mr. Burns has learned when to strike, when to compromise, above all, when to be silent. The statesman who does not know when and how to compromise will achieve little in English public life. Mr. Burns's career in the House of Commons has abundantly shown this phase of his character. By way of illustration take his action over the London Water Bill. That Bill was far from his liking. As the spokesman for the County Council, he struggled hard to amend it in the House and in Committee, and showed so much tact and moderation that the measure emerged from Parliament in a form more favorable to the public than was expected. Mr. Burns considered that it was in the interests of London to make the best of the Bill, rather than by further delay to swell the profits of the Water Companies, and the compensation which the public would ultimately have to pay.

Mr. Burns does not possess one gift which some statesmen find exceedingly convenient. He cannot conceal his thoughts by verbosity and the indefiniteness of his language. He is not one of those Ministers who is able in answering questions, or in explaining delicate points of policy, to use language which may mean little or nothing, or anything which he may desire it should mean at some future time. Mr. Burns sits most uncomfortably on a fence. His language is always direct and explicit; his meaning unmis-

takable. On the other hand, he has shown a capacity to be silent when discretion suggested it. He is excessively cautious in offering advice, or in giving opinions, until his mind is made up. He does not commit himself readily, and while he has said things in his earlier days which he would no doubt now express differently, I do not think he has ever written a letter which he regretted, or wished to alter or recall. His caution, discretion, tact, and judgment are all qualities which will now serve him well.

The workman-Minister is widely read, especially in all literature which touches upon the social and industrial problems of the day, and he has added to his knowledge of the world by travel.

He has intense sympathy with the poor, born of having shared in their sufferings and by learning at first hand of their patience, their privations, and their heroism. His unequalled knowledge of the conditions and needs of the working classes comes from being one of them, constantly living among them, striving for them, dedicating his life to them. It is his friendship for the working classes that causes him to tell them unpalatable truths about themselves. No one has ever denounced the drinking and gambling habits of a section of the working classes with more vehemence than Mr. Burns.

Another characteristic which will help him as a Minister is his detestation of all quack social remedies and of political charlatans. His contempt for the labor-leader who strays from the straight path of political integrity has made him enemies, and arouses within him suspicions which may not always be justified.

As President of the Local Government Board he may be relied upon to prevent himself being exploited by any class, section, or interest. Independence is one of his most marked characteris-

tics. He will use the official machinery at his disposal to the utmost advantage. That he will be reckless there need be no fear. He were not a statesman did he rush reforms and tempt reaction by his own recklessness.

Before one can appreciate all these characteristics of the Workman-President of the Local Government Board it is necessary to know something of his career and to trace his evolution as a force in English political life.

Before he was out of his teens Mr. Burns had a reputation as a stump orator on Clapham Common, he was writing letters to the newspapers on the condition of the workers, and took part in a discussion at the Society of Arts on the amendment of the Criminal Law. He worked hard in the evenings educating himself. He was restless and ambitious.

His youthful career as a speaker was interrupted by a year's work in Africa under Sir George Taubman Goldie, who was recently reported to have said that Mr. Burns was "the best workman he ever had." Mr. Burns made a tour of the Continent on his return. In the meantime he was diligent in educating himself. He graduated in a self-imposed course of economics, beginning with Adam Smith, leading on through Mill and others to Karl Marx. In 1883 we find him being thanked by the Metropolitan Radical Federation for his services to the "Cause"; and in 1884 he represented Northampton in the local Parliament. Curiously enough the first reported speech he made as a member of that debating society was a criticism of a bill before the Imperial Parliament dealing with a subject which now comes within his functions as a Minister. He is reported as follows:

Sir Charles Dilke's Bill did not take into account the case of insanitary dwellings and overcrowding, and until

they dealt with them they could do little good. Countrymen by their superior physique drove Londoners to the garret. Two-thirds of those who live in town were men who ought to be living on the soil upon which they were brought up.

There must have been something remarkable about a young man of twenty who had such sound views, and whose mind was occupied with the serious problem of housing. He had read much and had formed views. He became a Social Democrat, but never completely adopted all the Marxian doctrines. He was too anxious to have a little on account of the social revolution, and his practical predilections soon obliged him to sever his connection with the "class conscience" Marxists.

Mr. Burns's real entry into public life dates from the Industrial Remuneration Conference, held in January, 1885. The bent of his mind, his methods of controversy, his readiness in debate, his originality of phrase, and his passion for statistics then became apparent. His chief speech was made in reply to Mr. Frederic Harrison's paper on "Remedies for Social Stress." He said:

Mr. Harrison had suggested the moralization of industry and capital. Moralize capital! You might as well try to moralize a lion who is about to devour the lamb. You might as well attempt to moralize the boa constrictor who had its coils about the body of its victim. Could you moralize the retired capitalist out of his 300 square miles of deer forest, or out of his steam yacht, or out of the guinea orchid he wore in his button-hole? All such privileges and luxuries had been secured by the exploitation of labor, by the prostitution of genius and ability to the very lowest degree.

His career is the best answer to his own argument as his special vocation in public life has been the moralization of the capitalist, and not his abolition,

the regulation of private enterprise rather than its curtailment. But he was only then at the beginning of his own education. He impressed upon his brother workers, "as a Socialist," "the necessity of studying these questions from the economic point of view," which he had already done himself. His speech was frankly socialistic. The feeling of class hatred which it shows was partly due to an incident that preceded it. He informed his audience, amid cries of "Shame," that his employer had dismissed him for attending that national gathering of publicists and economists. Whoever that employer may be, he helped to make Mr. Burns President of the Local Government Board, for the conference was the turning-point of his career. He was boycotted by employers, thrown into the ranks of the unemployed, and began one of the most picturesque periods of his life as agitator and organizer. The time was ripe for the labor agitator, and the man was ready. There was a wave of reaction spreading over London, and simultaneously the unemployed problem became acute. Mr. Burns defended free speech at many street corners, and was frequently arrested for his courage and pertinacity. He began a campaign of education in Battersea, teaching the workers the principles of Democratic Government and showing them how they could reform Vestrydom. He was known chiefly as the leader of the unemployed, and became a marked man with the police, the "man with the red flag," the "Orator of Tower Hill." His powerful voice, his ready wit, his clever raillery soon made him widely known, and he was acclaimed a popular hero. In 1886 he was prosecuted along with other three Socialists, for sedition and inciting to riot. He made an able defence, and evidently convinced the jury that he was, what he professed to be, a peace-loving citizen

who did his best to help the police and restrain the rioters, as he and his comrades were acquitted. He had not the opportunity of calling Ruskin and other distinguished men who were ready to give evidence as witnesses in his favor to speak of his character and his peaceful intentions.

He was not so fortunate in the following year when he was arrested along with Mr. Cunninghame Graham for rioting in Trafalgar Square. He was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment. He defended himself from the dock, and made what was up to that time the finest speech of his life. It was really a defence of the unemployed, and a pronouncement of Socialistic remedies for the evils which then existed. The vehemence of his language in denouncing the authorities added to the prejudice of judge and jury against him. Curiously enough, almost all the demands which he then made on behalf of the unemployed—practical palliatives—have been since granted, largely by his own efforts.<sup>1</sup>

During all this period Mr. Burns was the courageous champion of the poor and the unemployed, according to his lights. Whenever there was work to be done in their interest, or strikes or agitations to lead, Burns was to be found at the head of the malcontents, ready to run any risks, legal or physical.

Next year was the most eventful in his life. He was elected to the County Council in January, 1889, and was leader in the dock strike in August,

and chief organizer of the Dockers' Union. Mr. Burns has been always a leader among trade-unionists. For many years he was one of the executive of the Engineers' Society and held the chair of the Trades Congress Parliamentary Committee—the blue riband of organized labor. But his greatest achievement in trade-union politics was his organization of the new unionism, breaking down the barrier of caste between the aristocracy of skilled labor and the growing mass of the helpless unskilled.

In his advocacy of the new unionism, in his desire for social betterment, and in his policy of municipal reform, he was always thinking of the "submerged tenth"—the casual laborer and the unemployed. He has made a profound study at close quarters of the unemployed problem. His palliatives—shorter hours of labor, abolition of overtime, and others which public authorities can adopt—have been carried out in part; but his reforms go much further. He is now brought to close quarters, from above, with the problem of the unemployed, as at one time he was face to face with it from below. Practical experience never better came to the help of statesmanship. His policy has been the result of mature thought and intimate knowledge. From the first he had a contempt for the charity-mongers, the vicarious philanthropists, and all the "loafers and cranks and other contemptible persons using the unemployed for ulterior purposes." To charitable schemes he objects, be-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Burns' speech from the dock was chiefly concerned with the unemployed, and he set forth their demands upon the Government, which were:—

(1) To relax the severity of the outdoor relief. (Granted.)

(2) To urge local bodies, to start useful relief works. (Now done to some extent.)

(3) To direct the Metropolitan Board of Works to build artisans' dwellings on vacant sites in London, especially on abandoned prison sites. (Since done by the L.C.C., partly through Mr. Burns' efforts.)

(4) To reduce the hours of work in Government employments to eight hours per day. (The first thing which he accomplished as an M. P.)

(5) To give no contracts to firms who did not observe trade-union conditions. (Now done almost all over the country by the Burns' labor clause.)

(6) To establish a legal eight-hour day for railway and tramway employees.

(7) To establish relations with continental Governments.

(8) To secure a reduced working day in all trades and occupations.

cause they end "in the demoralization of the donors and the degradation of the recipient." It was strikingly true of the West Ham charitable funds that "wherever money is, there the loafer, the lazy, and the undeserving will be found."

The last article which Mr. Burns wrote before he was a Cabinet Minister, published only a few days before he accepted office, was an unsparing condemnation of the Unemployed Act and the labor colonies which it helped to create. He wrote (in the *Daily Chronicle*):

Farm colonies are an inadequate remedy, uneconomic, wasteful, and destined in the future, as in the present and past, to be a futile remedy for their workless condition.

One of his main objections to the farm colony was that it

breaks up family life by withdrawing the father and breadwinner from his family, and even where this may sometimes lead to his physical benefit, it often results in greater moral detriment to himself and family.

Finally he wrote:

I have secured some transient criticism at the hands of superficial people for my dislike of the Unemployed Bill, than which no more mischievous measure was ever passed. I do not believe in the labor colonies this Bill may be used to set up, and in that view I know I will not receive the support of a few politicians and others who are obsessed

<sup>1</sup> "The fact is, the workless man has to be kept in one of three conditions: living on the rates as a pauper in a non-productive capacity, earning nothing and costing the country a large sum in officialism; as a criminal kept in prison—the worst possible fate for any man; or as a wanderer about the streets, sponging upon his fellows or the charitable rich, forced to live like a vagrant camel upon the hump of his own melancholic poverty, slowly getting physically exhausted, morally and mentally degraded, till the manhood is crushed out of him, and he becomes one of those fearful wrecks to whom death would be the greatest relief. I believe that the cheapest, best, and safest way of all

with pauper ideas of industrial relief and soup-kitchen methods of social reform. Their methods, however, are being rapidly revealed as obstacles to real organic changes in land reform, labor amelioration, and industrial progress, for which farm colonies, with their dismal record of failure even for the unemployable, are but poor substitutes.

It is a strange irony that it is now his official duty to carry out the "most mischievous Bill ever passed." That he is doing so with promptitude and energy he showed as soon as he took office, that he will try to get powers to do something better may be assumed. His opposition to labor or farm colonies is nothing new, and his hostility to the Unemployed Bill was not provoked because it was introduced by a Conservative Government, with an eye perhaps to electioneering effect. Writing in this *Review* thirteen years ago, he said: "The labor colony, as a remedy for the unemployed, is, I maintain, foredoomed to failure, and is nothing but the revival in another form of the hated casual ward with all its physical and moral iniquities."

This article in this *Review* was a very exhaustive study of the unemployed problem. His description of the workless man and how to treat him was thoroughly sound,<sup>2</sup> and his fine passage on the workless woman—"the industrial Andromeda"—is as touching and pathetic a picture as was ever condensed into the same compass.<sup>3</sup>

to prevent the idle man, the potential loafer, pauper, or criminal from being a burden is to provide him with work, which will be his salvation and the community's gain."—"The Unemployed," *"The Nineteenth Century,"* December 1892.

<sup>3</sup> "But even more pathetic than the unemployed male worker and industrial nomad is the workless woman or girl in search of work in a city of great distances. Trudging from shop to factory, with thin boots and thinner clothes, with little food, without the support that trade unionism gives to men, lacking the stimulant of association, isolated by her sex, with no organization, often the victim of bogus registry

It is Mr. Burns's deep sympathy for the suffering workless woman and the family of the unemployed man which makes him oppose farm or labor colonies. His attitude on the unemployed problem has never been negative. Besides advocating shorter hours, useful relief works—not municipal workshops to produce something which is not required, to which he is naturally opposed—and the general social and industrial progress with the aid of legislation, he has indicated more than once the policy which he is now likely to adopt as an alternative to the "most mischievous unemployed Act." It is the municipalization of agriculture, which will take the form of County Council small holdings for the permanent settlement of the workers—unemployed in the cities—on the land—a reform which it is hoped will reverse the current of migration. Mr. Burns is, therefore, as President of the Local Government Board where he was as member of a local Parliament twenty-six years ago.

His action in Parliament on this question has been equally consistent; always suggesting that the Local Government Board should urge authorities to carry out useful improvements in winter, proposing better labor conditions, and pushing every palliative that came along.

Mr. Burns's career as a London County Councillor has been one of great usefulness. As the only labor representative on the first Council, he first set himself to improve labor conditions, and on his initiative the Council recognized a minimum living wage for its workers and reduced the working hours. It was not long before Mr. Burns got a labor clause introduced

into all contracts compelling contractors to "pay such wages and observe such hours of labor as are generally accepted as fair in their trade." This labor clause has been adopted or copied by almost every governing body in the country, largely owing to Mr. Burns's action in London and his influence in Parliament. He has written more than a hundred labor clauses with his own hand. It is one of his greatest achievements as labor's statesman, and has conferred incalculable benefits on the working classes by its direct operation, and has indirectly helped the process of moralizing the contractor—an operation which Mr. Burns in his early days thought impossible. Mr. Burns's labor charter will soon be in universal operation among all public authorities, as over three hundred have already embodied its principles in their contracts.

The next greatest thing which Mr. Burns accomplished on the Council was the introduction of direct labor. This course was forced upon the Council by the favoritism and jobbery which were formerly inseparable from small work, and by the "rings" which were formed among contractors for large undertakings. It was the contractors' answer to the Burns "fair" labor clause; direct execution of works was Mr. Burns's reply. Out of this development grew the establishment of the much-abused Works Department which now executes a large part of the Council's undertakings. The best possible results are now obtained, as the Department is placed in competition with the moralized contractor. After all, direct employment is a sound business arrangement. It is the tendency of large undertakings all over the world to do away with intermediaries and

offices, friendless and alone, she searches for work that slowly comes. Before her the workhouse or the street, she bravely suffers in silence, and has no alternative to starvation but the eating of the crumb of charity or the loaf of lust. The industrial Andromeda that want

of work has chained to a life she loathes incarnates all the poignant sorrow and desperation of the merciless struggle for existence amongst the poor, against which virtue, honor, and labor fight often in vain."—*Ibid.*

make themselves as much self-contained as possible. Mr. Burns only brought the County Council into line with the latest developments in industrial enterprise.

Mr. Burns has been not only a labor representative on the County Council, he has taken an active part in all its work. He has frequently been the unofficial leader of the Progressive party. One could not mention a department of the Council's work in which Mr. Burns has not taken an interest and had an influence. If we would single out any subjects for special mention of his labor, it would be housing and tramways, in connection with which he has rendered conspicuous service to London.

Besides working hard on all committees, he has always kept in touch with the actual work, by visiting parks, main-drainage works, lunatic asylums, and indeed all the Council's institutions. He has also been an energetic advocate of reforms, more especially since he has been spokesman for the Council in Parliament. He has always declined to act as chairman of committees.

He was elected to the Council on its formation as a Socialist; but his election address was far from being a revolutionary document. His general reasons for seeking to represent his

fellow-workers were admirably set forth.\*

Many of the specific reforms which he advocated have been carried out, such as the purification of the Thames, efficient sanitary inspection, cumulative rating—in the form of more equalization—useful work for the unemployed, trade-union hours and wages, erection of artisans' dwellings, municipalization of the water and tramways. Two-thirds of the reforms in his programme have been realized.

Besides these specific reforms he said: "I will vote and work for any plan that will tend to make London healthy, democratic, and free, and that will enable her municipality to be the pioneer of changes that are necessary in the interests of her industrious citizens."

Mr. Burns's first election address as a candidate for Parliament was not such a severely practical document; but his policy cannot be judged from it, as his subsequent action showed. He was elected in 1892 when the Liberals took office. Without delay he set himself to make the Government a model employer. He agitated to get Government departments to do things which they had power to do, administratively. He obtained inquiries into the prison system, into the cab trade in London, and other matters. He worked hard

\*He introduced himself as follows: "Having devoted much time to the subjects with which the County Council will deal, I appeal to you to secure, through my election, those services I am willing to render, and by means of direct labor representation to make the demands of the people known and to have their social condition improved. I am well known to the Battersea electors as an uncompromising advocate of the principles that the County Council can adapt to the requirements of our municipal life, and, through their extension, raise the social, moral, and intellectual well-being of the whole community. My sympathy with the sufferings of the people is not a sentiment created by the excitement of an election campaign and which will die after the election is over, nor is it a desire to secure office and, like the majority of candidates, pursue a policy of masterly inactivity; but rather, as the nominee of Bat-

tersea workmen, to work hard and undertake, if necessary, unpleasant tasks in the interest of those who will do their duty to themselves and honor me by placing their mandate in my hands. This office requires men of vigorous health, energy, and determination; such I claim to be, as my public life proves; also men who have a clean record of past services in the cause of labor and progress, not those who, although personally honest, connive at jobbery and corruption because it is too much trouble to expose and denounce it. I will stand as the enemy of the jobber, the sinecurist, the sweater, and the jerry-builder, and the advocate of healthy homes, shorter hours, and a living rate of wages. As a Battersea man, I will watch the interest of this district, especially in those matters of which only a workman can have practical knowledge and experience."

for the eight-hours law for miners, and for a new Employers' Liability Act. It was in his early Parliamentary career that Mr. Burns came first into contact with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was Minister for War; and the kindred sympathies then awakened, and more particularly Sir Henry's concession, at Mr. Burns's suggestion, of improved labor conditions in the War Office establishments, led to a mutual confidence which now finds them colleagues in the Cabinet.

Mr. Burns made a real impression on the House as soon as he entered it. He had a natural aptitude for Parliamentary life, and a breezy confidence which the House enjoyed. He did not make the mistake of speaking often, but was always full of his subject when he intervened in debate. When he rose members were sure to get a trenchant, well-informed speech, full of enthusiasm and earnestness.

In proportion to the opportunities he had (being always in Opposition) Mr. Burns accomplished as much as a Parliamentarian as he did on the County Council. He addressed himself to the subjects upon which he could speak with knowledge and authority, such as the unemployed, dangerous trades, railway-men's hours, coal-mine regulation and mining fatalities, administration of the Factory Act, infant life, lead-poisoning, underground bakeries—which he was the means of getting abolished—"phossy jaw," employment of women and girls, and all the social verities of life. Some of his speeches on these subjects set the House thinking, and in some cases made it act. Mr. Burns has made a special study of dangerous trades, and his article on "Labor's Death-roll," which he contributed to the *Co-operative Annual* for 1899, is a masterly exposition of the subject. His speech in the Commons on the 4th of August, 1904, on preventable accidents and deaths, which

he called the "Short and Simple Annals of the Poor," was admirable in spirit and convincing in argument.

Besides being the chief speaker in the House on labor as affected by legislation, Mr. Burns was also a leading authority on all London questions. In fact, owing to his commanding position on the County Council, he was especially the member for London, acting as the official defender of that body and supporter of its measures.

The boldest speech which Mr. Burns made in Parliament was his ferocious attack on what he called the "new Imperialism" in connection with the Boer War.

He has been frequently placed on committees of the House, and always proved an earnest worker, and earned the respect of both parties by the practical grasp which he showed of his subject and his desire to advance useful legislation, although it did not go so far as he would have liked.

Mr. Burns's characteristics as a speaker are well known. He began by being a model stump orator, and retains his sledge-hammer style. He has a powerful voice and great staying power. He is forcible rather than finished. His tendency to overload his speeches with statistics is counteracted by his wonderful fertility in epigram, his happy quotations, the humorous flashes which he introduces, and his knack of leading his hearers on to surprises. He has a keen eye for dramatic effect. He has frequently stirred audiences—including the House of Commons—by his passionate and pathetic appeals on behalf of the less fortunate of his class, but pathos is not his best forte. He is always at his best when he is on the aggressive. It is his custom to prepare his chief speeches, writing down the heads of his arguments, his statistics, his epigrams, and quotations, although his

impromptu utterances in debate have never lacked fulness and vigor.

In recent years Mr. Burns has developed considerable power as a writer. But for his Ministerial appointment he would have become more and more of a writer, and he had planned a history of Battersea and a book on his travels in America and Canada. His public lectures on social, labor, municipal, and industrial topics are succinct studies well packed with facts, clearly and forcibly written.

The best example of his work in this line is his "Lees and Raper lecture" on Labor and Drink, delivered to a working-class audience in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. It is a marvel of pungency and comprehensiveness. For its preparation Mr. Burns—so conscientiously does he work—studied a whole library of books on alcohol and drunkenness—medical treatises, both English and foreign, much official data, numerous reports, returns, &c. To all his careful research he added what was more valuable, his own personal knowledge, gained from his life as a workman among his fellows, and his experience as a public man. The lecture was packed full of hard facts and bristled with statistics, illumined here and there with brilliant touches of sarcasm, a telling quotation, or a biting

epigram. Never before in the same space, and with the same thoroughness, had the effect of drink been shown on disease, lunacy, pauperism, crime, unemployment, on social misery, and, indeed, on every possible aspect of industrial life among the workers and the poor. It was a most powerful indictment against those workmen and the poor who degrade themselves and spread misery around them by their drinking habits. As usual, Mr. Burns laid down a sensible reform programme. For himself he is a teetotaler and a non-smoker.

He has been an active campaigner on behalf of Free Trade, and his speeches on this subject had a powerful influence on working-men.<sup>5</sup>

In his rise as labor leader, municipal reformer, to the Ministerial Bench, Mr. Burns has made enemies. Every strong personality does so, and Mr. Burns's most marked traits do not tend to conciliate enemies—his contempt for those who attack him, and his sturdy independence. Of late he has lived between two fires; the upholders of the vested and other interests which he attacks unsparingly, and a section of Socialists who, with little following and less influence, brand him as a renegade and traitor. The worst which the extreme Labor party can say of

frittering away in valinglorious policies the fine fettle of the best productive forces of the greatest industrial people in the world."

That Mr. Burns will use the official machinery placed at his service to the best advantage has already been seen. Within an hour of taking office he appointed a committee to distribute the Unemployed Fund. Before the end of the year he had amended the unemployed regulations, prepared a circular on housing for local authorities, interviewed his inspectors, issued administrative orders affecting Poor Law, and announced the appointment of a committee to recommend a better system of audit for municipal accounts. His touching speech to the inmates of Battersea Workhouse on Christmas Day will not be forgotten.

For twenty years he has advocated the calling up of the militia in the period of the year when unemployment is greatest, and this system has now been adopted.

<sup>5</sup> The following, from his published address on "Labor and Free Trade," is a characteristic example of his perorations: "Not in our fiscal relations with other countries are our difficulties. The foes are not external, but of our own household. In our wasteful Government, our boastful policies, our riotous appetites, our disregard of the warnings of other times and wiser men, lie our difficulties. In war, drink, betting, and gambling we must seek the real cause for any deficiency there may be in our industrial instincts, physical endurance, mechanical capacity, or consuming powers. Let us repress our vices, chasten our lusts, discipline our pleasures, exalt our thoughts, and elevate to the greatest height of public approval the maker of things, the producer of wealth, whose place is now unworthily occupied by the financier, speculator and plutocrat. Let us give to the arts of peaceful industry what for ten years have been given to the disturbance of the world's peace, the shaking of our credit, and, if not checked, the

Mr. Burns is really a compliment. His offence is that, instead of remaining a storm centre of agitation, he has become a practical statesman. Against any charge of modifying his views, or rather his methods, which can be brought against Mr. Burns, he can show a magnificent record of something accomplished, something done for the elevation of his class, while his traducers have remained at the barren work of agitation. "The day of the agitator is declining," said Mr. Burns several years ago, "and the day of the administrator is coming." He is a striking example of the truth of the statement. The ghosts of his agitating days will no doubt now be brought up against him. He has said many things, sometimes partly in jest, which will now be recalled in earnest. Eighteen years' practical work on the London County Council and fourteen years' experience in Parliament have inevitably led to modifications; but, as I have said, the change is one of method rather than of principle. There are few politicians who have not changed their opinions in twenty years, and some of them who have boxed the political compass in that period still hold a commanding position in public life.

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

A man of less stable convictions and sturdy character than Mr. Burns might have been spoiled by the flattery and homage paid to him and by the great success which has been his. Mr. Burns is no more proud of himself to-day as Cabinet Minister than he was as a working engineer, or as the "Orator of Tower Hill." Success has not sapped away his principles or made him forget the friends who gave him popularity and power. His new responsibilities will not overwhelm him with a sense of his growing importance. He has the restraint as well as the qualities of a great public man, and will distinguish himself in office by his caution and sound judgment. Mr. Burns recognizes that the social revolution cannot be inaugurated by some sudden transformation of the administrative system. Were he in Russia, he would be an advocate of quick change; he would be the "man with the red flag," leading the revolt against autocracy—and Russia just now needs a born leader like Mr. Burns—but he knows that in England the path of social democracy must broaden slowly down from precedent to precedent. It is in that spirit that he may be expected to act as the head of the Local Government Board.

*Robert Donald.*

## AMERICAN MANNERS.

In every country that I have visited the deepest impression left on my mind—and the most permanent—has been that of the manners of the people. One finds Rembrandt, Wagner, Paderewski and Charley's Aunt in every capital. the same from China to Peru. But the people in the audience differ, at least on the surface. They do not differ much below the surface, I think. In my travels about the Continent of Europe I have seldom found myself

far from a Good Samaritan. Complaints of one nation against the manners of another have their basis, as a rule, in a misunderstanding. The stranger does not know the social language. He says one thing, and the other man thinks something else is implied. For example I was driving in Moscow with a Russian officer. The driver of the droschky was sleepy, and so was his horse. Leaning forward the officer addressed the driver as a pig of

disgusting habits, born of a mother who ——! at that point the driver whipped up his horse and turned with a pleased smile to the abusive officer. "It is going well now, is it not?" he said. The man knew quite well what the officer meant—merely a polite request for a slight increase of pace. It was Russian manners. But even before I started for New York I knew that a literal rendering of that exhortation would not have an equivalent effect on the New York cab driver.

My visit to the United States was but a flying one and comprised less than a month's sojourn. Let that be said in apology for a criticism based on small experience—merely the record of sudden and doubtless casual impressions. Warnings had been showered on me, mostly by Americans in London. Warnings of the tortures of the Customs House, the supercilious hotel clerk, the policeman who would brain me with a knobstick if I asked him a question, the man in the street who would shove me into the gutter and go grimly after dollars. Americans, rocked in the suavity of Europe, rather frightened me. Was I to encounter cities full of ruffians who would insult me and pitch me from pillar to post? There was in my mind a lurking suspicion that a nation of sixty—or is it seventy?—millions of people could not spend its time in being rude each to each and yet prosper; that if you could pick up the social language . . .

I linked my arm with that of the apportioned Customs officer, and told him the best and newest story at my command, and was the first to catch the extortionate cab with the amusing cabman. That method cannot be recommended to the lady, who was trying to pass two thousand dollars worth of Paris frocks on the ground that they cost only two hundred. To her the official was insistent almost to the point of discourtesy, and plunged into the

most intimate *arcana* of her wardrobe. My own official dismissed me with good wishes for my enjoyment, and scarcely glanced at the contents of my steamer-trunk.

Knowing the value of first impressions when it is a question of the ethics of the surface, I spent my first two days in New York searching for a specimen of downright discourtesy. Ignorant of the social language, obviously British, retaining, it is to be feared, some remnants of that "damned superior pose" that the University of Oxford inculcates, I must have been intensely provocative as I dragged the tail of my coat in the hope that some one would tread on it. The hotel clerk, of whom I had hopes, did not respond to the challenge. Certainly he did not grovel before me—but then it gives me no pleasure to see a man grovelling. He gave me the precise information for which I asked, information that a New York child of seven would not require, and then stopped. My desperate search for the rude man included the policeman who stood near the Broadway end of Wall Street, and instead of knocking me down, he rescued me from an oncoming car, turned me round and pointed out the street I wanted. It included many hurried citizens, who absolutely refused discourtesies when I pestered them with enquiries, but rushed from their orbit, dragged me, talking all the time, to the clearest point for explanation, and then rushed back again before waiting for a "thank you." Once only in the four-and-twenty hours was there the hint of a foot planted on my trailing coat.

"Do you sell so-and-so's Scotch whisky?" I asked a bar-tender, naming my own particular brand. The bartender folded his arms and glared at me.

"What do you suppose I'm here for?" he replied.

"I'm sorry," I explained, "but I

haven't been in this country six hours yet, and —I'm afraid I haven't caught your name."

His fat face broadened, his arms came down to the counter, and he said: "What was it you asked?" He had misunderstood my question. And before I had finished my drink he had sketched his career, given me his opinion upon various public questions, and foretold that I should "make out well enough in this country."

After four-and-twenty hours of suspicious search it was necessary to abandon the hope of finding anything like the basic, brutal rudeness that the stranger is taught to expect. People were not "polite" as politeness is regarded in more leisurely countries that retain the traditions of feudalism. But the man who will take the trouble to learn the social language of America need not fear any discourtesy that goes deeper than the language. That conclusion was put to me by a middle-aged woman, whose seat was next to mine at a roof-garden concert. Her husband had given me a spare programme, and I had to confess that my search for real discourtesy was a failure. "I guess," she said, "you will find no more rudeness than what you ask for." Certainly the Englishman is conscious of another social atmosphere as soon as he begins travelling in the United States. But during several weeks I can recall no instance in which, being in a temporary difficulty, I failed to find two things; iced water and a stranger to help me. Now and then the stranger helped me with the air of offering an insult—but that was my mistake. Even the young lady who waited upon me in the railway restaurant at Buffalo, and in answer to my request for Pilsener beer with my meal replied. "You'll not be served with beer *here*," was doubtless an angel unawares, preaching the gospel of total abstinence. And the hotel clerk at

Chicago, who had been buzzing cigar-smoke and tabloid information at me as though I were an offensive reptile, was merely talking a language I was trying to learn. As I went in to dinner an arm was linked in mine. "Well, sonny, how are you making out?" It was the hotel clerk. The double event taught the Englishman something of the American social language. For the untravelled Englishman would probably resent both the initial rudeness and the subsequent familiarity. Perhaps I should say the stupid Englishman, who started out with the idea that people who use the same words mean the same thing.

Of that particular fallacy I was cured in St. Louis within ten minutes of my arrival. Two strangers, mere railroad acquaintances, had come out of their way to show me the street-car that would take me past my hotel. Bag in hand—an obviously English bag—I boarded the car, and clung to the skirt of the crowd on the platform behind. Ten seconds later there was a stir at the foremost end of the car, and the conductor pushed his way through the crowd, shouting:

"Where's that man with the grip?"

I thought my last moment had come—having been warned against car-conductors. Should I tumble off, abandon my "grip" and perish in the roadway; or should I die for my pyjamas and razor? I chose death.

"That's my bag," I said, in aggressive British.

"Where do you want to get off?"

I named the hotel.

"I'll tell you when we get there."

Three minutes later the car slowed down. With one hand the conductor heaved me off the car, with another he threw my grip, with another he indicated my hotel, and with another he jerked the bell, and I had no time to thank him. For, standing a moment on the sidewalk, grip in hand, I re-

flected that this man had noticed a stranger by the shape of his grip or the cut of his clothes, concluded that he might want information, and given it with a whizz—bang! Had I been insulted, or had I met a good fellow? The answer is obvious to any one who takes the trouble to understand the fellow's language. But it is the elaboration of the formulæ of polite resignation and polite acceptance that makes one of the chief differences between the manners of the two continents. A Frenchman is immensely proud of a courtesy, and makes the most of it with phrase and gesture. The American, being human, gives the same service, or something more, and is rather ashamed of himself. It was my last day in New York, when I was boarding an up-town car in Lower Broadway. Burdened with a few small parcels and with a touch of infirmity in one leg, I swung on to a crowded car. A man rose, jerking his head towards his vacated seat, and I took it, thinking that he was about to alight. But the car went on, and he still stood before me. When five minutes had passed I felt bound to tell him that I had inferred he was about to leave the car, and that I was not unable to stand. But his manner implied that if anything more was said he was taking no part in the conversation. He handed my last parcel off when I left, and looked as though he would shoot me if I said "thank you."

One minor point in the etiquette of the railway car is worth noting as illustrating the mixture of brusqueness and good nature that the Englishman finds in the United States. Among the unwritten laws of the railway train in England is the understanding that a bag, a coat, or even a newspaper laid upon a seat indicates that the seat has been appropriated; and if any one breaks that law, the victim will move heaven and earth and the whole station

staff to shift the usurper. Therefore I was somewhat surprised at a little scene that occurred on the train from Chicago to St. Louis. On the seat in front of me a chubby man had deposited a grip. He had selected the place with some care, and then disappeared. Just before the train started a family party consisting of papa, mamma and two daughters entered the car, and looked around. Then papa transferred the chubby man's grip to the seat next mine, and annexed what he wanted—four places together. "Ha!" I said to myself, "now there will be a row," as the chubby man walked up and surveyed the situation. Instead of apologizing and explaining, papa, after one glance over his shoulder, went on peeling a pear for his youngest daughter. The chubby man took the seat next mine, and remarked pleasantly to me that some people seemed to have a bit of nerve.

"You must have nerve," said papa over his shoulder, "if you want to get what you want."

The first time the train stopped papa bought candy for his family, and wanted some small change in a hurry; he turned and appealed to the chubby man, who instantly turned out his pocket, paid for the candy and said they would settle up after. I wanted to throw papa off the car; but my neighbor was merely amused.

Possibly that scene was not typical of American railway manners. But there was one point—the manner in which the chubby man took me into his confidence—that suggests a very remarkable difference in the surface manners of Americans and Britishers. In the two countries the attitude of stranger to stranger when they meet casually for an hour or so is surprisingly different. Charles Dickens noted the inquisitiveness of the American, but he omitted to note the other side of the question. He was merely a little

amused and a little annoyed when the stranger wanted to know all about him. Now my chubby acquaintance within an hour of conversation had cross-examined me as to my family, my income, my reasons for visiting America, the sum of money I had put aside for the trip; he had learned my profession, and knew what I had paid for the clothes I was wearing. To the Englishman who does not know the social language these questions are at first surprising; he answers them with a touch of resentment at what appears to be impertinent curiosity. Again and again in railway cars, in hotel lounges, I found myself under the same fire of questions, and even the young stranger who leaned beside me for ten minutes over the rail of a Mississippi steamer, having put the question, "You from England?" proceeded with the list of queries that is always the same, though sometimes less rudely put. It seemed absurd to conclude that I was in a country of insolent people. There must be some better explanation. Suddenly, after one or two experiences, it flashed across me that on each occasion my questioner had freely given me as much information about himself as he had dragged from me about myself. Then I saw that here was a mere difference in the social language of the two countries, springing possibly from the long habit of encountering strangers for an hour or so at a time. In England two men who meet in a first-class railway carriage will glare at one another for several hours over their newspapers, each suspecting the other to be either a scoundrel or a cad. In America one of those two men would say—to put it crudely—"I'm a married man with two children; what did you pay for your boots?" The other would reply "Six dollars; and

Temple Bar.

how do you make your living?" An excellent American friend of mine became distrustful of an Englishman with whom he had made acquaintance on board an Atlantic liner. There was nothing against him—only the American had not discovered how he made his living. "I like to know where a man gets his money from," he said. That puts the case briefly. This is the first thing the American wants to know, and it is almost the last thing about which an Englishman would ask. Mutual reticence—mutual frankness—these are our opposite methods of expressing ourselves. But so far as the amenities of travelling are concerned, I must confess that so soon as I had learned the language, the system of mutual frankness seemed the jollier. Yet the language must be learned. At first the conscientious and reticent Englishman feels as though his soul were being hooked and drawn through his mouth. After a week or two of experience he realizes that he is only asked to hand over his credentials—so much confession in exchange for information received.

Every nation develops the manners that suit its mode of life; it is only the language that differs; and when you call a street sweeper in Paris "mon-sieur" and a street sweeper in Moscow a pig you are saying the same thing in different languages. The man who thought the language of Moscow, Russia would be understood in Moscow, U.S.A. (doubtless America has annexed Moscow as well as Rome and Memphis and Syracuse), would find speedy disillusion. And the Englishman who, priding himself on his reticence, represents the frank inquisitiveness of the casual American acquaintance is—no linguist. He misses the chief joy of American travel.

*Clarence Rook.*

BEAUJEU.

CHAPTER IX.

IN ONE ORCHARD AND SEVERAL LANES.

In the orchard father and son looked askance at each other.

"My dear lad," said Sir Matthew, "my dear lad—" and stopped abashed by the dear lad's angry eyes. Jack Dane laughed:

"Is there more to say than a good-bye, sir?"

Sir Matthew licked his lips. "Dear lad, you apprehend the matter amiss—nay, consider. My brother harbored rebels, rebels, Jack—"

"Poor hunted devils, and so would any man!"

"Jack!" cried his father aghast. "Dear lad, they were rebels against the King. It was my duty to seize them. To let them escape were treason. And I am in the Commission. Ah, lad it was grievous to uncover his fault. Pray you may never know such pain. I—"

"Oh, must you cover it with cant? Is it not enough to find you here in his own garden on the morning of his hanging?"

"Nay, dear lad. You mistake. You misjudge. He has not been hanged."

"What, sir?"

"I procured that he should be beheaded. I have been very urgent with my Lord Sunderland. My Lord has been much my friend, and has saved us the shame of a hanging."

Jack Dane broke out in a bitter laugh. "I misjudged indeed! I never thought to hear a man boast that he only beheaded his brother. Nay, say no more. You'll not better that. God be with you, sir! I pray to God I may never see your face again. 'Tis enough to know I am your son." He cocked his hat and strode away.

"I have but a few hours to live,—"  
said Sir Matthew, sighing plaintively. But his son was gone, and the sad reflection saddened none but Sir Matthew himself. He was left in his Acedama exceeding sorrowful.

Sir Matthew quoted to himself concerning Jeshurun, who waxed fat and kicked. Sure, 'twas the boy's comfortable estate had bred this wanton insolence. Nay, he had not dared defy his father but that he knew himself provided. The impious boy must mean to claim his mother's Kentish manors. Oh, sharper than a serpent's tooth! Sir Matthew sought to persuade himself that he might hold those manors still, but repeating the clauses of the settlement (he knew them by heart) found no hope. Sir Matthew inquired of Heaven why he was curst with an impious son—and then cast a balance. Gain — Bourne Manor and the table money of a wicked boy. Loss — Duntton and Westerham. A poor hundred pounds by the year was all he had gained by the grievous mournful duty of killing his brother. Such in this world (Sir Matthew reflected) is the reward of stainless virtue. He had been much advantaged in his morality by friendship with my Lord Sunderland.

His unnatural son was riding away through the park, and twice in a theatrical manner he laughed loud. He appeared to himself a character from a tragedy, and pulled his hat over his brows, in which picturesque array he was startled by a gay:

"Hold, cousin!" and saw galloping down upon him a roan mare and a girl in gray. Behind her a cloud of brown hair hung upon the wind. Jack Dane halted. "Why, cousin!" cried the girl. "Oh cousin, you picture of woe! Come for a gallop with me."

"Nay, Nell, I have no leisure now," said Jack, with solemnity. The girl reined up by his side and looked at his gloomy face and laughed.

"No leisure!" she mimicked solemnly. "Oh, alack! And is it in Heaven you are needed, Mr. Dane? To sober their joys, sir?"

"I have no heart to jest, Nell. Good-bye." He held out his hand.

"Faith, I crave your divinity's pardon!" the girl cried, and bowed and drew away. But he held out his hand still, and while she looked defiance at his eyes she saw they were gloomy. So she came again and gave him her hand. Jack Dane held it a moment.

"Some folks," said the girl modestly, "would kiss it." Jack Dane obeyed.

"Good-bye, little girl," said he.

"Till ——?"

"God knows!" said the tragic hero, and rode off.

"Oh brave!" the girl laughed, and sat looking after him. "How cross he was!" she murmured, and reflected: "I like him cross. He was never so much a man. I suppose he has quarreled with his father. I should! He is—he is worse than mother." To which flattered parent Mistress Nellie d'Abernon then rode home.

M. de Beaujeu and Mr. Healy had come to their rendezvous. "Ye Red Barne: by J. Ottaway: for man and beast." Mr. Healy read aloud from the sign. "Shall we stop and bait, Beaujeu?" Beaujeu, who was staring at the inscription, shrugged his shoulders.

"I would be the better of a dinner," said Mr. Healy, dismounting, and was surprised that Beaujeu showed no reluctance to enter nor any interest in aught inside. Also relieved.

At dinner Jack Dane found them; and Mr. Healy, rising: "My friend, M. de Beaujeu, a French gentleman of the Imperial service, Mr. Dane."

"At your command, sir," says Beau-

jeu, bowing. "I knew your uncle and honored him." Jack Dane flushed.

"Pray favor us, sir," says Mr. Healy, waving his hand to the dinner.

"I wish to say, Mr. Healy, that if you desire to meet me in any other cause—I carry a sword, sir," said Jack Dane majestically. Mr. Healy shook his head.

"Faith, I will have no quarrel with you at all, sir. I spoke for the sake of the dead."

"Whom we all honor," said Beaujeu gravely. "In that bond, sir, we are all friends." Jack Dane bowed and sat down. Beaujeu eyed him keenly while Mr. Healy, carving the pheasants, pondered on the unlikeness of kinsmen—compared Beaujeu's tall lithe frame and long swordsman's limbs to the square strength of his cousin, Beaujeu's pale hawk face and the glittering light blue eyes half hidden beneath his brow to the open stare of the lad's big, brown eye and his round rosy cheeks. Mr. Healy, an amateur of beauty, approved both, and began to eat and talk for three. He expounded that M. de Beaujeu and himself having made some small fortune in foreign wars (which he described elaborately) were come to spend it in England.

"Gad, sir, I wish you joy of your choice," said Jack Dane, and essayed a laugh of sarcasm. "We are like to be very merry under King James. Merry! Good luck to you, gentlemen!" He lay back and drained his glass. Beaujeu and Mr. Healy exchanged a glance.

"Sure, merry is what we hope to be," says the Innocent Mr. Healy.

"It is, henceforth, my endeavor," said M. de Beaujeu. And Jack Dane wondered if they were laughing at him, but could see no joke.

Since by a strange chance they were all going to London, they rode together. The swift November twilight was falling before they had come nearer the

town than Brentford. As they lumbered through the narrow muddy lane beyond Turnham Green Mr. Healy's quick eye caught a glimpse of a horse's head and shoulders and a rider lurking at a cross way.

"And will you be a gentleman of the road?" said he, nodding at the vision. The other two peered through the shadows.

"Why, damme, 'tis Tom Wharton or his double the devil!" cried Jack Dane, as they came nearer. "Here, Wharton!" he shouted. But at the word the horse was reined back, the rider hidden behind the hedge, and when they came to the mouth of the lane horse and rider were vanished.

"Sure, 'tis a very elusive gentleman. Did you say his name was Wharton?" says Mr. Healy.

"No. The devil," said Jack, frowning; and wondering (as M. de Beaujeu was wondering) what could bring Mr. Wharton to Turnham Green of a November evening.

"Begad, then, he need not have cut me," says Mr. Healy. "But—oh, ma'am, your servant!" He reined back in a hurry to give place to a lady on horseback, who swept round a bend in the road. She was masked, she was cloaked in black, and her horse was black. M. de Beaujeu also pulled his horse out of the way, begged a million pardons for jostling her; and the mysterious lady, bowing, passed on. "Sable on sable," says Mr. Healy, "'tis mighty bad heraldry, but duly fit for the devil's mistress." Jack Dane, beholding now an explanation of the presence of Mr. Wharton, laughed. For other reasons M. de Beaujeu also laughed. Upon the bridle of that black steed he had beheld an initial—"S."

They came past the twinkling lights of Kensington village and my Lord Nottingham's new mansion, and on down the gloomiest of tree-shadowed highways, with weird shadows a-dance

before them on the mud. Where the houses met them at last by St. James's Church, and the smell of the sea-coal smoke, "Mr. Dane, we are lodged in Essex Street, in the Strand. Do you come by our way?" says M. de Beaujeu.

"Why, monsieur, across Leicester Fields at least. I rest with Mr. Wharton in the Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Turning they passed again to a country lane, and, skirting the white palls of Leicester Fields, came to the scattered cottages beyond St. Martin's. At the door of one was a splash of color and light. Four footmen on either side held aloft flaring torches. The flames fell on their liveries of scarlet and gold, and a great crimson coach and its four black horses, harnessed with an abundance of glittering brass. As the three came up the door was flung wide. A blaze of clearer, whiter light shot out, and through it came a woman white and dazzling as the light itself. Her dress was white, and whiter still her shoulders and arms. In the little hollow below her neck one big diamond shone with many colored flames. Her dark hair hung in ringlets round her temples. She walked with a strange smooth step that bore her sailing on like a swan upon the waters. Behind her was a handsome, lusty fellow in green velvet and a yellow periwig, smiling, mightily pleased with himself.

But Mr. Dane was not pleased. He sprang down and thrust forward to her side, leaving in Mr. Healy's ears the sound of a muttered oath. Mr. Healy, hearing also the scrape of hoofs, turned to find that M. de Beaujeu had reined back to the shadow, whence came the sound of his harsh, scornful laugh. "Now, where is the humor?" Mr. Healy inquired of himself.

"La, Mr. Dane!" cried the lady laughing and giving him her hand. "I go to sing to the King. Is he not blessed?"

"Beyond his deserts, ma'am," said Mr. Dane. "Would I were King!" he sighed amorously. And again Mr. Healy heard the laugh of Beaujeu.

"Then Majesty would be better favored," said the lady smiling. "Would he not, my Lord Sherborne?" she turned to her cavalier.

"For the body, ma'am, yes. For the brains—oh, God save us!" and my lord handed her in laughing.

"My lord!" cried Mr. Dane, catching at the carriage door.

"Your Majesty—good night!" said my lord. "Go early to bed!" and with that and the laughter of the lady and my lord the carriage rolled away down the hill to Whitehall with the footmen running beside the horses.

"Curse him!" muttered Mr. Dane dramatically. And for the third time Mr. Healy heard the laughter of M. de Beaujeu. Then: "Well, gentlemen, good night to you!" said Mr. Dane sharply turning.

"Oh, good night!" says Mr. Healy. "We'll doubtless be meeting again."

"Doubtless," said Beaujeu; and, with Healy bowing and Beaujeu touching his hat, they rode away from the suddenly unsocial Jack Dane. The lad sat his horse in the darkness, a statue, waiting romantically his lady's return. M. de Beaujeu glancing back once saw him and laughed for the fourth time.

They came out to the filth and stench of the strand by the long arcades of the New Exchange, and went down the steep slope of Essex Street under the jutting windows on either side to the last house built out on arches over the river. Servants swiftly answered Beaujeu's whip-rap and led away their horses. In the narrow hall stood bowing with a candlestick in either hand a sturdy Swiss.

"One has done what one could, monsieur," he said in French. "But, alas—in two days!"

"It is well done, Dubois," says Beau-

jeu, as the man backed before them into a room hung with blue tapestry.

"D'you know," said Mr. Healy dropping into a chair, "I have not had a house of my own for ten years. And 'tis consoling at last." M. de Beaujeu grunted. At supper Mr. Healy found him morose, and forgave him readily, remembering the work of the morning. But afterwards, as they smoked over the fire, Beaujeu broke twice into a laugh, and on the second Mr. Healy was moved to ask:

"And where is the humor, Beaujeu?"

Beaujeu stared at him. "Where is it not?" he said, and laughed again. Mr. Healy took out his pipe and opened his eyes.

"I would say you had known days more mirthful," said he.

"By God, not one," said M. de Beaujeu, and laughed again. Mr. Healy shrugged his shoulders and began to smoke once more. More than ever he seemed to himself a man in a fairy tale. "And damnable well 'twill serve our turn," said Beaujeu suddenly. "Good night."

"Oh, good night to you," cried Healy, staring at the shut door. Then took off his wig and scratched his head. "Will you tell me now," says he to his pipe, "am I real?"

## CHAPTER X.

### MR. WHARTON

On the next night Mr. Wharton had a little party of Whigs: Mr. Edward Russell, the Earl of Twyford, the Earl of Laleham, and Mr. Jack Dane—and Mr. Wharton zealously passed the wine and they debated gravely, thus:

"Tom Wharton, you rogue, who's the woman in the black mask?" cried the Earl of Twyford.

"Which of 'em?" says Wharton coolly. "Here? Or in Mulberry Garden? Or the fat dame of Fetter Lane? Or——"

"Fie! Think of Jack Dane's moralities. Grafton saw you by Turnham Green."

Mr. Wharton laughed easily. "Oh, that!" He shook his head. "Find your own women, Harry. Mine are dear."

The Earl of Twyford drank a bumper, and, turning up his eyes to heaven: "Now, Tom Wharton," says he piously, "no more loose stories. Jack Dane shall give us a discourse on true love. Silence for the man who knows an honest woman!"

"Whose fault is it you don't, Harry?" said Jack Dane.

"Egad, I never could tell! And, of course, if I had met your flame——" he paused.

"The better for you," said Jack quietly.

"And the worse for her," growled Mr. Russell. Jack Dane flushed, and Twyford and Wharton seeing it, struck in together to keep the peace:

"But I say, Tom Wharton, to come to business——"

"But, Harry, what is this tale of——"

They both stopped, laughing at each other, and the large and stolid Earl of Laleham broke in deep-voiced: "Now you are choking, here is my chance. Wharton, have you heard about Windsor Races?"

Mr. Russell growled. The wine was bright in his eyes. "We'll not beat 'Black James' at Windsor Races, gentlemen," he said sharply. Mr. Wharton jerked a nod at him and laughed.

"Ned o' the Scowls," said he. "Be damned to politics! Here's to 'Careless,' gentlemen—a curst good mare if I say it! And a curst good toast for good fellows! 'Careless!'" They drank that in bumpers.

The wine went round and round. Louder and looser grew the talk. The flood of Burgundy washed away Mr. Russell's politics and his sneers, and he grew feebly jovial over the empty bot-

ties. Mr. Wharton's Whigs debated noisily of horses and women, with Mr. Wharton loudest and loosest of all. The night was old when Russell and Laleham and Twyford lurched off arm in arm, Mr. Wharton bidding them good-night in a view halloo! from the door. Coming back, he found that Mr. Dane was fallen asleep with his head on the table. Mr. Wharton shook him vigorously and in vain. Mr. Wharton leant back against the wall and regarded him austere-ly:

"Do—you-know," says he slowly and very distinctly, "you are a sad sot?" Mr. Dane snored. A servant came in and touched Mr. Wharton's arm.

"Pardon, sir. The gentleman you was to see—I do not know if you will see him?" Mr. Wharton stared.

"Damme, I think I will see two of him," says he. "Put Mr. Dane to bed." And off he went.

So regard Mr. Wharton holding on by the table with his wig awry and a leer on his ugly flushed face while his guest bows to him. "You are my M. de Beaujeu?" says Mr. Wharton, with penetrating clarity of speech.

"I am, Mr. Wharton. But that is not my name."

"Oh, the devil!" said Mr. Wharton, and sat down and stared at him. "Are you a plot? If you are—good-night! Plots always upset me."

"When sober?" M. de Beaujeu permitted himself a sneer. Mr. Wharton straightened his wig.

"I am," says he modestly, "as drunk—as I can ever get—but I am sober enough for you, Mr. An—An—onymous."

"Nor I am not that neither," said Beaujeu, smiling.

"Then what are you?" Mr. Wharton roared angrily.

"On your honor to keep it secret——" Beaujeu began.

"No, damme, no!" cried Mr. Wharton in haste. "I am not so drunk that I'll

listen to secrets." M. de Beaujeu's cold blue eyes gazed on him a moment in contempt, then monsieur laughed and rose and took up his hat and made his bow:

"So a good-night, Mr. Wharton. I have been deceived. I regret to have harassed a fine gentleman. I thought I was to find a Whig."

The flush paled on Wharton's coarse face, his loose lips trembled and he gulped. Then full in face of Beaujeu he sprang and "So I am a Whig, and be damned to you!" he roared. "Yes, a Whig, and because I am a Whig I bid you to hell, Mr. Nameless. I know your kind. You'd be a crimping for another Monmouth, would you? Zounds, do you think you have come timely when the stink of the bloody Assize is still in my nose?" He stopped breathless, glaring at Beaujeu, while rage drove out the wine. "Poor devils!" he muttered. "Poor silly devils!" then flashed out again. "I ask no man to get himself hanged, Mr. Nameless. I am a Whig, by God. There is your answer and there is the door."

But M. de Beaujeu put down his hat and smiled. "Your pardon, Mr. Wharton. I see that I was not deceived. I come from one man who knows how to wait to find another."

"Damn your riddles!" cried Wharton. M. de Beaujeu gave him a letter. Mr. Wharton opened it in a manner of distrust: then "Sidney!" he cried quickly, seeing the signature of a friend in exile at the Hague. Beaujeu bowed, and Mr. Wharton began to read. "What? What?" he cried in a moment. "You are Tom Dane? Son of the old Saint Silas that——" he checked.

M. de Beaujeu finished the sentence:—"that was beheaded yesterday. But I wish to be unknown even to my cousin. I am outlaw. By the grace of my Lord Sunderland," and he smiled. Wharton stared a moment at

the cold glittering eyes, then read on. Again he looked up, and tapping the letter with his finger, asked:

"This means?"

"The Prince of Orange," said Beaujeu, and went on softly to Mr. Wharton's rising eyebrows—"who bids me say that when the hour comes for all England to cry for him—Whig and Tory, churchman and dissenter—he'll not fail."

Wharton laughed. "Vastly amiable in him. But, begad I'll be in hell before the Tories turn against Black James."

"Pray, Mr. Wharton," says M. de Beaujeu gently, "have you ever thanked God that your glorious King is a fool?" Mr. Wharton sat up and stared. "Ah, I see. You have not. I fear you neglect your religious duties, Mr. Wharton. But sure you must have heard the prophecy of his dear brother, our late loved King Charles. You recall it? 'My good James, he will throw away three kingdoms for his mass and paradise for his harlot.' I like that." Mr. Wharton gave a large unlovely grin, but he shook his head.

"Slife, or exile, or hell is far away from James yet."

"For the second the devil provides. For the first," said Beaujeu modestly, "I. Nay, Mr. Wharton, is there not already a murmur, a growl?"

"Damme, we have growled these twenty-five years."

"Ay, even under King Log we growled. Now, I think, we have found King Stork. Only let him play tyrant in the Ercles vein—let him but touch the Tories and the Church——" he broke off suddenly. "And do you think he is like to do that, Mr. Wharton?"

"I doubt he is too clever a beast, Black James."

"Ah! And what are my Lord Sunderland's counsels?" said Beaujeu, carelessly flicking his stockings. Mr. Wharton eyed him askance.

"Zounds, how can I tell?" said Mr. Wharton.

"Pardon. It is then pure love, your affair with my Lady Sunderland. I had forgot that it might be." His light blue eyes were wide and innocent as Mr. Wharton stared at them. After a moment Wharton laughed.

"Did you say you were the devil?" said he.

"I was born too late. The part had been filled. No. Pray, Mr. Wharton, counsel your dear lady to cut the brass 'S' from her bridoon. 'Tis eloquent. And less charitable minds than mine own might misjudge rendezvous with Mr. Wharton even in the chaste mud of Turnham Green. But let me admire your political foresight. Faith, I am a novice beside you."

Mr. Wharton looked him between the eyes. "So you was with Jack last night?" Beaujeu nodded. "And you'd not have known me from Adam by yourself?"

"Alas, Mr. Wharton, I was so sadly ignorant." M. de Beaujeu smiled.

"Jack's tongue waggles damnably," growled Mr. Wharton.

"But it has given me now the excuse to ask—pray where does my Lord Sunderland stand?"

"He will keep Black James as quiet as he can. He has all to lose by a rising and devil a penny to gain. So he is for peace and quietness. What did you expect?"

"Just that," said Beaujeu with a shrug. "*Bien*, there are always the Jesuits. They will make our James meddle with the Church, and then we'll not hear the parson preach his right divine to cut us in quarters." He came nearer and tapped Wharton's arm. "And also—and always"—he said smiling—"our good King James is a fool. Well, Mr. Wharton, *pour qui sçait attendre* is my motto and Little Hook-nose of Orange my man. What say you? Are you with me?" Mr. Whar-

ton walked away to the window, drew back the curtain, flung open the casement, and stood in the cool wind looking out at the night.

"I'll have no answer for you," he said at last.

"And do you love your good King so?" Beaujeu sneered. Mr. Wharton swung round.

"No, by God!" he cried. "My hate is as good as yours, M. de Beaujeu, but I would have no man hang for my private hates."

"Faith, we can take heed to ourselves. We——"

"Ay, we can play our game, and bolt betimes if we are like to lose. We are mighty fine—we that cock our hats in town—but we are not England." He caught the surprised arm of M. de Beaujeu and dragged him to the window, and pointing through the moonlight to the meadows and the fragrant tilth and the ricks and houses looming lonely and dark far out beyond the town, "Look! that is England," he cried, "that——"

"Where the buttercups grow and the bumpkins," said Beaujeu sneering. "You affection them, Mr. Wharton?" Mr. Wharton turned to face him.

"I'll not have one brisk lad of the shires get his silly neck broke for me. And there's your answer, M. de Beaujeu." Beaujeu stood a moment with the sneer on his lip. Then he smiled.

"'Tis so in fact," said he. "We differ a little. 'Tis my desire to let nought bumper my hate for King James. A bequest of my father, Mr. Wharton, you understand? With you other things weigh. But I am myself the last man in the world to be rash, Mr. Wharton. Did I say that my present motto was 'wait'? May I hope, therefore, that we shall rest friends?"

"To a friend of Harry Sidney, Tom Wharton's a friend," said Wharton. "I am yours, M. de Beaujeu—and,

damme, none the less because you are, and not de Beaujeu at all.

But Mr. Wharton, looking after Beaujeu as he strode away from the door, spake to himself: "Now I am passably a rogue; but you——!"

M. de Beaujeu found Mr. Healy

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waiting for him. Mr. Healy yawned, and, "Has the fish bit?" said he.

"Bah," says Beaujeu, "'tis a mere philanthrope."

"You would be well matched," said Mr. Healy.

*(To be continued.)*

*H. C. Bailey.*

## AT THE MOUTH OF THE SASKATCHEWAN.

The *Premier* was beating out against a heavy sea towards Horse Island, the headquarters of the fishing-fleet during the season. It was very like crossing the English Channel. The ship seemed to try to stand on her head, and then to sit down hard on her rudder, then she would roll over till you thought she was gunwale under, and—just as you were bracing yourself for the counter-roll—she would give another jerk to show you that there were yet a few inches to spare. The chairs were tobogganing along the decks on their backs, and some of the passengers were progressing down the saloon on all-fours. One of the men who had crossed the Atlantic was hanging on to a stanchion, and announcing with unnecessary ostentation that he was "going to enjoy this immensely"; the captain was holding a small girl upside down over the rail; and an English girl had rescued a baby from a very sea-sick mother and was crooning over it on a sofa. The rain was drenching down in furious gusts, and the throbbing of the racing screw, as the stern lifted clean out of water, seemed to vibrate through her every plank. By-and-by the man who was going to enjoy himself immensely turned a sort of pale green, and announced that he really believed that..." and the aposiopesis that ensued proved that his prognosis was correct. The only accessible shelter was the steward's pantry, which I

managed to reach by a series of short tacks, and there sat down under the plate-rack, expecting momentarily to be buried under an avalanche of falling crockery.

In less than an hour and a half it was all over, and we were resting quietly in a sort of atoll harbor at the north-western extremity of Horse Island. The two little fishing-fleets were nestling under the *Chieftain* and the *Fisherman*, their respective tugs, for nobody had ventured out to-day; the gray-backed gulls were circling and craking and chattering overhead; and the passengers reappeared, looking green but cheerful, and pretending that they weren't so very sick after all.

The harbor itself was almost a circle, with a small segment missing at the mouth. One-half of it consisted of a narrow curve of shingle washed up by the waves; at the outermost point a few scrubby bushes appeared to be growing out of the bare stones. The other half was mainland, mostly covered with spruce, having a wide clearing in front dotted over with Indian teepees, tents, and a dozen or so wooden houses occupied by the white population of the Island. Along the water's edge were great piles of cordwood, and huge reels for drying the nets; and under the lee of every teepee and every tent and every house was a fringe of "husky" dogs. One, the prop-

erty of the Hudson's Bay Company, was pointed out to me as a pure-bred Esquimaux; the others had been crossed with sheep-dogs and deer-hounds and coyotes—at least they looked like it,—anything that was big enough to pull a load and hardy enough to stand the cold. They were black and white and gray and yellow and red and badger-pled; but there was a strong family resemblance running through the entire pack, especially about the head. The fishermen, Indians mostly, were down at the dock preparing to start that night. The rain was still pouring down steadily; and on the lake outside were racing white horses, whose manes somehow seemed to me less thick and spumy than those of breakers at sea.

Then the manager of the Fish Company invited me to stop over and spend the day on the *Chieftain* with the fishing-fleet, adding that the *Fisherman* had to make another trip to Grand Rapids, to collect the sturgeon catch, and would be back in time for the next steamer at Horse Island; and the Hudson's Bay officer promised to provide a couple of good Indian canoe-men to shoot the rapids; and a fellow-passenger agreed that the chance was too good to lose,—so we carried our "dunnage" ashore and threaded our way through huskies and stumps of felled trees to an unoccupied shack, where we turned in about nine o'clock.

At two in the morning Norman Mackenzie, a grizzled old Orkneyman, rapped hard on the window and shouted—

"Get up, and see what good luck we'll get, if we haff shentlemans with us."

And an hour or so later we were steaming out into the faint gold of the rising sun, on a calm unruffled sea. We towed four white-hulled two-masted, schooner-rigged fishing-boats, two on each side, that looked like a brood of water-fowl paddling after

their mother. As the breeze freshened they began to curtsey up and down, with two great wings of spray arching away from their bows; the sails were lowered, and the men were asleep in the stern; from the funnel of the steamer rose a thin glassy vapor, but no smoke, for we were burning green birch logs; and the land behind us faded away into a smudgy blue line. By half-past five the cook was parading the deck and ringing a hand-bell, and two minutes later we were over-eating ourselves down below.

We ran fifty miles before we picked up the net-buoys, for the fish move farther and farther out into the lake as the shallow water grows warmer; and then we dropped boat after boat, and finally stopped alongside a Brobdignagian fishing-float, with a black and white flag flying from the top. The crew had been busy arranging boxes, three feet by two, and twenty inches deep, on the forward deck; a couple of planks stretched across from gunwale to gunwale had converted the bows into a sort of well, destined as a receptacle for the "culls"—the fish that were drowned in the net; the "tullibis" that are often sold as fresh-water herring, and are only fit to eat in winter; the jackfish; the marl, also known as "dogfish," or "lawyers"; and the red-finned suckers. The sun-glade was glittering and twinkling on the water when we jerked the first buoy over the bows and began to draw in the five thousand yards of netting that are carried by the steam-tugs.

The crew had all donned their oilskins, one man with gloved hands was hauling the net over the side, three others were disentangling from the meshes pale, silvery "white-fish," mottled here and there with stains of red, and flinging them into the boxes at their feet. Lying handy were a huge landing-net, and a gaff some sixteen feet long, to retrieve the "cripples" or

half-dead fish that fall from the net occasionally; and big, gray-backed gulls were paddling up to the refuse, and pecking, and fighting, and gorging. The net was hauled into a big wooden tray, and the fish stripped there; in the case of a bad tangle, the man would grab the head in his teeth and clean off the meshes with both hands.

There was a dead, pale, wan glimmer under the green water, flashing into an ascending cataract of silver as the fish rose from the surface, for we had a two days' "lift" to make, and, by the way, were only earning one cent per head instead of the three paid for a fresh-caught haul—for fish that have been long in the net, or much knocked about, get soft quickly, and won't stand packing. The white-fish average from  $2\frac{3}{4}$  lb. to 3 lb., dressed. Behind us the bare masts of the fishing-boats were rocking to and fro, and above them the gulls would wheel, and check, and drop like plumbets near where some big fish was flapping on the surface of the water like a wounded bird. Then the gull would circle round him like a prize-fighter watching for an opening, swim in suddenly and deal a savage peck, and then fly away, to be followed by another and another.

The crew were a queer mixture: there was one, Isaac, who bore a striking resemblance to the late Earl of Beaconsfield, if you can imagine the latter with his face dyed to the color of a Red Indian and his body clad in yellow oilskins, sou'wester and all. Whenever a big fish would slant down from the rising net and slide into the water like a gleaming red arrow, the skipper from the bridge would yell out, "Fish, Isaac!" and Isaac would drop his work hurriedly, seize the gaff or the landing-net, and retrieve his quarry, or grin sheepishly if he missed him. The white-fish, as they dropped fresh into the boxes, looked diaphanous and semi-

opalescent, turning to a metallic lustre as they gasped out their lives in the sun; occasionally they would utter a sort of squeaky chuckle. The men worked silently after a time. The lake was quite still: you could hear plainly the ticking of the clock in the pilot-house, punctuated by a greasy slap, as a big fish was flung down into the scaly deep, or the fat, slippery flip-flap of a struggling victim in the boxes; the sailing-boats had gradually drifted farther and farther away to the sky-line. At noon the boxes had begun to fill up; the cook appeared with a sharp hook and helped himself, dancing a few steps of a hornpipe as he spotted a particularly fine specimen for the crew's dinner. The nets were divided into twelve or fourteen lengths, and between each length were big stones used as sinkers; these were unfastened and laid aside, and the nets themselves folded into trays and hurriedly slid away down to the stern.

By one o'clock we have half of them in, and are heading due north: we can just see Mossy Point on the farther shore through the glasses; elsewhere is open water. The fish are coming in "in bunches," and the men are getting a little slacker. I am sitting in the stern, with the sun beating on my back; an enormous spider is racing over the deck at my feet in short, hiccuppy spurts; the net trays, with their wooden floats, look like huge dishes of Bologna sausages; fish scales are rained about everywhere, like shining discs of tin foil, and a bickering covey of gulls is riding astern. The men cannot leave their nets, and therefore have to dine in relays. One of them, who has just appeared from below, makes a sudden rush at the landing-net, and springs to the side, planting one foot firmly in the middle of a box of fish. Wherefore the "Chief" hurls an evil clayey-looking monster, called a "mud-pork," with deadly aim, landing him

on the back of the neck, and calling him names unspeakable. The boxes forward are gradually filling up to a dead, monotonous level of shimmering fish. Isaac is standing mid-thigh deep in the well in the bows—the “rubbish shot here” pile; some of the suckers make a squelching noise like a choking infant, and one feels an insane desire to throw them back to their native element. The net is coming up, a long unwinding necklace of gleaming fish, over the rail; Billy, a “boy” with a dilapidated straw hat and a fascinating smile, opines that he can make out the smoke of the *Idell*, the Norway House tug, on the distant horizon; and the skipper chuckles softly, because the catches have been particularly good there this summer, and “we’re fishing right into their waters.” The Chief himself is clad in sober black, and would pass as a respectable grocer, if his broad-brimmed felt hat didn’t make him look like one of Bret Harte’s miners. He is long, and lean, and sinewy, and has journeyed thousands of miles on foot, “with the dogs,” through the wild desolate country to the North. Ned, the mate, has a kind of boulevardier air, with a neatly curled moustache, and hair beautifully parted down the middle; he claims to hold a captain’s certificate. “Gee! look at the fish now,” he yells exultantly, “Lots of fish! All kinds of fish!” And I feel a sort of mild self-approbation, for the “shentlemans” have brought them luck after all. So would my fellow-passenger if he were not snoring peacefully in a boat on the upper-deck.

The second buoy was up at a quarter to three, and there was wild sport at the finish. Then the tug lobbed slowly ahead, and the men began passing the nets out over the stern, disentangling them deftly, and flinging off showers of flashing scales like a snow-flurry on the deck.

We had thirty-one boxes of white-

fish, and the well was full to the brim with “culls.” Every now and then buckets of water were slopped over the catch to keep it moist; the brown, cylindrical head of the capstan in the bows seems to goggle at you with round red eye-sockets, like a grotesque goblin up to his neck in fish. Some of the suckers’ noses were horribly distended, like bladders inflated to bursting-point; the tulibbis were yawning; the pike tribe wore a wicked, vicious grin of undying ferocity; the silver of the white-fish was already dying away, and the red stains glowing more and more vividly.

The crew were tolling silently now; Billy took soundings, and reported six fathoms and a soft bottom, the lead reappearing clogged with mud; and the captain nodded approval. The engineer, who had been reading his Bible most of the morning, told us that his boat was the stoutest on the lake, that she could make  $12\frac{1}{2}$  miles an hour when she was driven, and that she drew more water than the *Premier*, whom he fondly expected to stand on her head some day. The engineer of the *Fisherman*, curiously enough, held a precisely similar opinion about his own boat; while the language of the engineer of the *Premier* concerning the two of them, when I reported this, was unfit for publication.

The boxes were all buried in cracked ice, and arranged neatly on each side of the ship, leaving a clear passage down the middle. Although we were out of sight of land there were clouds of tiny gnats flying about—where they sprung from it was difficult to say; they looked as if a breath of wind would scatter them. The lake was blue and all a-glitter with diamonds when we dropped the second buoy at about six o’clock; the convoy was strung out behind us, beginning with two white sails half a mile away, where the first boat had finished her

day's work and was standing towards us. Then two black ones, and then a couple of needle-points against the horizon; nothing else was visible but gulls and sky and water.

When we picked up the first of them we found her "well," amidships, full of fish; the net-tray was forward, and the oil-skins were hung on the sails to dry. The first shot of the tow-line missed us, and we waltzed slowly and gracefully round one another: then an Indian, with a mouth like a frog's, threw the line to Isaac and grinned derisively at Billy of the black straw-hat and captivating smile. There were a few faint ashen-gray clouds to the westward and a light head-wind, so the sails were promptly lowered, and we steamed full speed ahead at a quarter to seven.

After supper we climbed into the pilot-house and conversed with the man at the wheel, in defiance of all regulations. The engine was vomiting out swarms of little fiery serpents that floated away astern and dropped hissing into our wake; the men were splitting and cleaning fish by lamp-light on deck, and the skipper was steering. He showed us the point where they had been obliged to abandon a lumber-barge in a gale, with two men on board, while the tug made for an island for more wood. Then they returned to their barge, and two or three of the crew had to jump on board her to help to weigh the anchor. This is a matter that requires seamanship: you have to wait till you are close alongside and your craft is on the crest of a mountainous wave, while the barge is far away beneath you in the trough of the sea; then you hurl yourself head foremost into the air—as your ship falls the other rises, and you land all right. It sounds simple, but there are occasions when the men refuse to make the experiment. He told us what the lake was like in mid-

winter, when the thermometer was "away down" to 40° and 50° below zero; when the surface was split up by crevasses four feet or more in breadth, and the travelling was bad. How the "caboose," which they had erected as a shelter, was picked up bodily one day by the wind; how they rushed out just in time and watched it skating off out of sight, and then found it, two days later, five miles away, on an island, caught in the bushes. Of the two Icelanders who were each leading a horse side by side along the trail when a blizzard came on. They lost one another in a few minutes, and, later on, one of them caught a glimpse of an island fifteen yards away, between the driving gusts of whirling snow. He landed with hands and feet frozen and built a huge fire, and screamed to his companion, who did not answer. Next morning he found him half a mile out on the lake, white and still, with the dead horse lying beside him. To-night there was a soft warm breeze blowing from the west, and the doors of the pilot-house were open, so that we could keep cool.

It was after midnight when we made the harbor. Our hotel for the night was a plain unpainted wooden shanty, which gave you an uncomfortable sensation of being shut up in a deal box, like an entomological specimen. But, before turning in, my fellow-passenger led the way to a long barn-like structure, which was the fishermen's mess-room. I was half dazed with sleep, and when we threw open the door and looked in I rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was not dreaming. There were two long tables with accommodation for 120 men; the guests were nearly all Indians and black-haired half-breeds, with a few shaggy-headed Scotchmen from the Orkneys and the Hebrides. The room was lit up by oil-lamps, between which were ranged

glass jars and old tomato tins full of great tiger-lilies. The waitresses were soft-treading moccasined squaws, and the whole effect was unreal and theatrical. Rembrandt should have painted those dusky faces and bright-colored jerseys in the smoky light of the petroleum. "Is this breakfast or supper?" asked the mate mockingly, for the crews were to start out again in a couple of hours, and they had to sort the fish and to scrub the decks in that time.

Then, just as we had got to bed, there swelled up the Banshee, Sabbath-cry of the huskies. One dog would begin, throwing up his head and chanting a long wailing recitative, pitched in an extraordinarily high key. Then, quite suddenly, the whole pack would join in a wild, demoniacal, super-canine chorus, their voices blending till in the far distance you would swear that you heard children singing. And then it would stop abruptly, and the dogs would pace to and fro, threading in lines past one another, and stepping with the lithe, measured gait of caged wild animals. I was dead tired, but I sat up to watch them in the moonlight, and I was sorry when they lay down again with one accord to sleep.

Next morning on the platform and under the shed by the cold storage were some twenty squaws: dark complexioned, fat, matronly looking women in old blue print dresses, and girls with black pig-tails and vivid red blouses,—all of them deftly "dressing" the white-fish on tables improvised by up-ending a box and laying a lid across it. There was a continual chattering and a grating of knives on fish scales that recalled the French *halles*, only instead of the clatter of sabots you heard the soft, muffled padding of the moccasins. The huge shed behind was lined on both sides with great wide troughs filled with masses of red and silver fish gleaming through layers of

cracked ice,—a "two days' lift" at this time of year is always split and then salted at once on account of the heat; the little hand-barrows were rattling incessantly backwards and forwards from the weighing machine, for the united catch of the two fleets last night amounted to twenty thousand.

The white-fish are packed separately, and each boxful weighs 165 lb., allowing 15 lb. for shrinkage on arrival at its destination. There is no actual freezing done at Horse Island, as the cargoes of fish are called for twice a-week and carried up the Red River to Selkirk, where they are stored away in a temperature reduced by the ammonia process to 25° or 30° below zero, pending their transshipment to the United States. The fishing season is short, and for this reason the work is rushed all through the week except on Sundays: the men knocked off for less than an hour this morning before they were off again. The population of the island to-day is over two hundred; in six weeks it may be reduced to a single family.

We wandered about among the teepees and watched the squaws smoking the fish on racks stretched across the poles; we talked to black-headed, brown-faced, straw-hatted papooses, and to friendly, wolfish-looking huskies, who were too gorged with fish offal, and too happy in the sun, to fight, even among themselves; we played pirate with Tommy Jones and the small boy; we helped to run big blocks of ice down a sliding trough, and watched them crushed to powder by an iron-clawed wheel, through a tooth-comb sieve; and we rejoiced exceedingly when the cook stepped outside the mess shanty at noon and smote the big tongueless bell lustily with an axe.

After dinner I worked my way through a narrow jungle path across the island, followed by a pair of prick-eared, yellow-haired, fox-cub-looking

puppies, who trotted along with a pleased grin, emerging at last on a shale beach and scaring up a flock of sea-gulls.

The *Chieftain* was already in. Half the catch was split, cleaned, and cooling in the bins. Thence the fish are transferred to boxes and stowed away, tail and head, in strata of pink and gold inlaid in white, sugary ice. The men are scurrying up and down, rushing their loads from bin to weighing machine, and thence to the packers; halting at intervals while a great india-rubber hose, like a huge python, pours a deluge of water over the scale-span-gled planks: outside the shed in the sun are obscene flies. The "counter" stands on the deck of the fishing-boats, with an instrument in his hand like a big silver watch; the fish are thrown ashore in pairs, and each pair is registered by pressing a spring. The operation, to a practised hand, becomes so mechanical that he can carry on a conversation and never make a mistake in his tally. Dark-faced Indians in brilliant sashes are flinging out shovelfuls of ice from the heap beneath the sieve; just as the sun sets, the resonant, *vox humana* chorus of the huskies swells up and dies away again; an hour later the *Fisherman*, with a small forest of black masts behind her, swings round into the bay, and, before she reaches her moorings, the lamps are lit, the knives sharpened, and the convoy cast off, with much yelling and laughing, to race for first place near the packing-sheds. We waited to hear the result of the "lift," and then turned in, with the moonlight streaming through the windows on the plain deal walls of our shanty.

The fleets were back early the next day, bringing their nets with them, to be stretched on the great reels and dried during Sunday. The men were haggard and pasty with want of sleep; now and then a box would be upset

on the wharf, and the dock-hands would contemplate the ruins with a placid, half-awakened grin. A dainty husky was picking up tit-bits, occasionally sneaking an entire fish and getting horribly abused by Isaac, resplendent in yellow oilskins and sou'-wester. Captain Mowat, grim and taciturn, with his black wide-awake on one side of his head, and a silver "counter" in his hand, looked just as fresh as when he had started on his first trip. The catch to-day was better than that of yesterday by twenty boxes; and it was four o'clock in the afternoon before the *Fisherman* had washed down her decks and taken her freight on board for Grand Rapids.

Our new skipper was a yellow-haired Icelandic, who told us how he had been stranded recently for three days on a small island, with nothing to eat except sea-gulls; and of the danger of falling asleep in an open boat in the early spring and late fall, when the thermometer sinks suddenly down "among the zeroes." We lay between the flour-bags on deck, and glided for an hour and a half over a still, smooth sea, till we came in sight of the deep green bays, and saw the house-roofs of the village gleaming through dark trees at the mouth of the Saskatchewan.

Steaming against the current was hard work, and we crowded to the side to look at a couple of Indians in a canoe, tearing their paddle-blades through the water and watching for the eddies under the bank.

There was a little narrow railway, cutting its way for some five or six miles through the spruce forest, to the head of the rapids. A small flat car, and two Indians—Sigamiss, brother of the chief, and best canoe man in the tribe; and Henry Turner, a youth of about seventeen—were waiting for us above the landing-stage. The latter hoisted up a couple of chairs for us to sit on, harnessed a big bay horse in

front, and started off at a jog-trot, scaring the rabbits off the track as we drove up a long green colonnade of pines, between carpets of flaring orange tiger-lilies and wild roses and blue-bells. A few of the trees had boards nailed across them, with names inscribed thereon. If you give an Indian an old pair of trousers, or a cake of tobacco, he will climb a particular tree and affix your name to it, and that tree will henceforth be known as your tree; and the Indian will promise you that he and his fellow-tribesmen will salute you whenever they pass it. There are certain white men too, who will include you in one comprehensive categorical curse with the people who scratch their names on the walls of ruined castles and the altar steps of old cathedrals.

We caught a glimpse of the old river-bed in passing, but only saw the river itself at the end of the track, where the Indians unlocked an old boathouse and carried a canoe swiftly down to the water's edge. There were steep, white, rocky banks on either side, topped with spruce, and the surface of the river between was wrinkled over with a network of eddies, millions of meshes of green veins not yet flurried into foam; the sun was still high, and the mosquitoes were bad. The men threw down a couple of coats between the thwarts and signed to us to sit in the bottom of the canoe. The boy in the bows swung his paddle, and the steersman behind shoved off and struck out towards the opposite bank. It was smooth going for a couple of minutes, and then we got among the long rollers and began to rock. The boy in the bows stood up and shaded his eyes with his hand, looking down stream, while the chief's brother gave him directions in Cree. I brushed a mosquito off my shoulder and the motion made the crank canoe sway over; after that I sat still. Then we suddenly

found ourselves facing a steep translucent curtain of green water that reared up in front of us like a huge wall, towering high above us, and shutting out everything from view. I had the most perfect confidence in the Indians, but for the life of me I couldn't see how we were going to surmount that wave and remain afloat; it worried me like an insoluble riddle. They drove her nose right at it, and she rose like a bird in the air, and ahead of us was a tumbling sea of great white breakers; the network had swelled up into monstrous ridges; there was a hurried glimpse of boiling whirlpools, and torn surf, and splinted rocks jutting from a swelling, tossing torrent of maddened water; and then we dropped into the trough with a thud and a slap, and a tumblerful or so came over the bows.

For a mile or more we slanted to and fro over raging cross-seas, and the Indians seemed to pick out each particular wave as it came, and to deal with it as coolly and skilfully as if they had had it charted in their minds for years. Once the steersman touched me on the shoulder and pointed excitedly up a narrow gorge cleft through the right bank, speaking quickly in his own tongue. I shall never know what he wanted me to see, because we drove past long before I had time to turn and look, and then we slid downhill to the opposite shore. In the body of the stream you seemed to be stationary, while the trees and rocks glided past you; but close under the bank the foam-spattered water was racing helter-skelter in a swift throbbing rush, and beyond the shadow of the cliffs was a turmoil of pale emerald and raving sunlit waves.

A blue-winged teal fluttered leisurely across overhead, and I bethought me of what might happen if we touched a boulder,—that we should see him there in perfect safety within a few

feet of us, and that we should be whirling to our doom. And he would care even less than I did when I dropped his relations into the big swamp a year ago. We spoke to one another once or twice at first and then sat silent, afraid to mar that ecstasy of motion and of vision. And then, far too soon, we swept into view of the little green island above the village, with two big white pelicans clumsily posing for effect on the promontory.

There were a dozen more in the estuary, some of them flying, some of them swimming lazily with their pendulous yellow pouches just above the water. The men were tossing the last of the sturgeon into the boxes one at a time, for a single fish in the catch

Blackwood's Magazine.

weighed 130 lb. When we were over the smooth oily rollers at the bar, we found the lake lying still and calm, like a mirror that had been breathed upon, with a yellow sun shining through a soft haze above a ladder of rippling gold in the west, and the full moon a pale pink reflection on our star-board bow. We passed the last long, low promontory from the mainland, merging into its own shadow beneath, sharp and slender, like a floating purple arrow. As the sun dipped to the horizon, the surface of the lake seemed to catch fire and to flame into mother-of-pearl flecked with the palest green; and it was moonlight when we steamed silently round the bend into the little harbor.

Charles Hanbury-Williams.

## CHOPIN.

### I.

During the last half of the 19th Century, two men became rulers of musical emotion, Richard Wagner and Frédéric François Chopin. The music of the latter is the most ravishing gesture that art has yet made.

Huneker.

In the baffling quality of what the American critic sums up fantastically, but withal very graphically, as a "ravishing gesture," there lies a special danger of exposing Chopin's music to caricature and sentimentalism. Nor is his individuality as a man any less subtle of analysis. Thus any one possessed of a quick musical sense, who has attempted the task of probing Chopin's psychology through his music, or *vice versa*, must soon have appreciated the extraordinary complexity of the two elements,—so bound up together, however, that:—

—parts on part depend  
Each made for each, as bodies for their  
soul,  
So as to form one true and perfect  
whole.

The fascinating vagaries; the fine flashes of ironical wit; the veiled, tender melancholy; the constant suspicion of an extreme delicacy, physical and moral, sometimes almost verging on hysteria; the feminine coquetry and caprice contradicted oddly enough by an equally feminine primness and asperity—as if the Polish *abandon* suddenly yielded to the *comme il faut* conventions of a Parisian salon; here we have a few of the hundred and one moods which can flit across one single page of Chopin's music. And what is more, all these seemingly antagonistic attributes or defects, whichever we may please to term them, were so absolutely spontaneous and natural to his temperament that they never degen-

erated into mere mannerisms. To the very end of his career Chopin seems to have been wholly unable to become accustomed to himself. Never quite certain what to expect of either his heart or his brain, he dallied continuously with his moods, but studiously refrained from ever grasping one of them and following it to a logical sequence. This curiously undetermined attitude apparently caused him no annoyance. But to the student who tries, both metaphorically and literally, to catch the elusive chromaticism of this volatile Chopin spirit, the very transience of his moods, whilst it makes his music what it is, heaps up stumbling blocks not to be met with in dealing with any other composer. It is as if a sculptor should endeavor to reproduce in marble some fluttering, graceful branch of flowers and foliage swaying to and fro in the breeze. In such an attempt the ever varying degrees of light and shade, the action of wind and sun upon flower and leaf never for two seconds the same, would all be hopelessly lost. And even so with our concrete methods of pen and ink investigation; but with all that, the Chopin nature, the Chopin psychology are of such an irresistible, magnetizing allurements that any close contact with them inevitably spurs one on to the ambition of seizing and conveying them as best may be in the clumsy vehicle of words.

## II.

As our knowledge of heredity clears and the mists of superstition are dispelled, there grows upon us with an ever increasing and relentless force the conviction that the creature is not made, but born.

*Mendelsheim: R. C. Punnett.*

Chopin was a clear product of heredity. But his French side, inherited from his father, has been, one ven-

tures to think, too much overlooked. We hear much of Chopin the Pole, the Slav, but comparatively little of Chopin the Frenchman. No one has ever yet traced in a trustworthy fashion the real ancestry of the father, who is said (there is, however, but little authentic evidence in favor of the statement) to have come originally of Polish stock. Be this as it may, Nicholas Chopin was born in France, and those of us who have sojourned awhile in the French provinces have all come across his type repeatedly—a professor at some *lycée*, somewhat narrow in his mental horizon, but *bien rangé*, domesticated, frugal, thrifty, hard working. Chopin's meticulous exactitude in fulfilling his engagements was a trait inherited from his father; so was his aptitude as a pedagogue, the father's skill as a teacher of languages revealing itself in the son as a teacher of the piano. There was nothing Bohemian about either father or son; the latter altogether eschewed the proverbial long hair and picturesque disorder of the artist. Extremely particular as to the cut and set of his clothes, he always dressed as an ordinary gentleman, simply and well. The national gift of music came to Chopin from his Polish mother. One says national gift, since the Poles, like the Russians, have always been noted for a love of song and dance. Chopin, though, remains the one and only Polish composer who has gained a world-wide reputation. On his romantic, emotional side also Chopin owed very much to his mother, a woman with a frail, shrinking physique and an acute sensitiveness to pleasure and pain. Reading between the lines of the few extant sketches of Madame Chopin, one gathers that she possessed in an uncommon degree the national characteristics of swift enthusiasm alternating with violent revulsion of feeling, and from her Chopin would seem to have derived his

eminently Polish lack of contentment.

A study of Polish art leaves one with the impression that its authors never breathe fully, freely, joyously, healthily of life; and whilst in their emanations a woman is never an everyday being, and the love relationships of the two sexes are often represented as wild and criminal, yet the Polish artist cannot be said to put love before us bluntly under a wholly sensual aspect; he portrays it as an emotion, not as a desire. This trait, which occurs again and again in the productions of Mickiewicz, Slovacki and Krasinski, Poland's three greatest poets, was very prominent in Chopin. Thus to this day, in spite of all researches, it remains uncertain whether his love for George Sand, the culminating, dominating sentiment of his life, was of the body, or purely of the mind and spirit. Very characteristic in this respect, again, was his expression of an earlier love for a young opera singer, Constantia Gladowska: "I have, perhaps to my misfortune, already found my ideal whom I worship, faithfully and sincerely. Six months have elapsed and I have not yet exchanged a syllable with her of whom I dream each night." A natural corollary to his personal attitude towards love is found in the absence of any note of physical passion in Chopin's music. In this respect he presents us with a complete antithesis to Wagner, let us say, who more perhaps than any other musician revelled in the musical expression of voluptuous, sexual desire and its fulfilment.

Returning for an instant to Chopin's father, students of the family history will remember that Nicholas Chopin's early years were spent at Nancy, where the offshoots of a Polish following had clustered since the days of the abdicated Stanislaus Leszczynski. A series of very ordinary events resulting from his connection with the

French town took Nicholas in 1787 to Warsaw. There he spent the rest of his life, and was a witness of Poland's final annihilation as an independent State. It is curious that Poland should have become the country of his adoption, just as later on France became the chosen home of his son. The most advanced students of heredity assure us that environment is not to be reckoned with as an appreciable factor in the development of an individual, whether physically or mentally. Yet in Chopin's case environment appears at least to have fructified certain inherited germs and instincts, which under other circumstances might well have remained dormant and unsuspected. It was not until he settled in Paris, and had become thoroughly imbued with a French atmosphere of thought and feeling, that his work began to assume the clear sense of form, and those distinctions of brilliance and perfect finish which are decidedly French rather than Polish attributes. His quality of bitter-sweet irony, in which, as a musician, he is so closely akin to Heine as a poet, also first came to efflorescence in Paris, where Heine and he must often have had an identical point of view.

### III.

Chopin's music embodies a greater variety of emotion and more genuine dramatic spirit in four pages than many operas in four hundred.

*Finck.*

Excepting Heine, and it may be Sappho, Chopin is the most perfect embodiment of lyrical power, properly so called, that the history of art or poetry can show.

*Hueffer.*

Because Chopin produced neither opera, oratorio, nor symphony, but confined himself to small lyrical forms, he has frequently been relegated to a place amongst the lesser composers. Nevertheless a musician who from the

outset has had no hesitation as to his own vocation, and who has excelled every other in his consummate art of composing for the most complex of modern instruments, may surely, after all, be justly granted a high rank amongst artistic genius of the first order. Chopin, indeed, in himself, created a whole pianoforte literature, but with his own odd blending of modesty and self esteem he remarked: "I could scarcely create a *new* school of pianoforte music, seeing that there was no old one." If we only accept what is known as sonata or first movement form, with its developments of sonata, concerto, quartet, symphony, as embodying classicism in music, then of course Chopin was no classic. But if by classicism we understand beautiful thoughts, beautifully expressed, and coming to us from a period already sufficiently remote to indicate that the world will not willingly relinquish an interest in them, then is Chopin a classic through and through in every sense of the word. Hidden under his surface whimsicalness and perverseness—his sighs and sparkles—there is always an intricate little skeleton and structure of musical form. It is true that he employed forms unpreferred by the older masters. Yet as far as purity of outline, short clear cut phrases, and a fine perception of balance and proportion are concerned, a Chopin *étude*, a ballade, or a mazourka is as good a model of musical form as could be cited in a Bach prelude or a Beethoven sonata. Chopin's two favorite composers, it may be added, were those classics of classics, Bach and Mozart.

Again, whilst much modern music, much for instance of Wagner, of Berlioz, Liszt, or the still later school of Richard Strauss and others, could have been equally well, if not better expressed in literature or painting, it is quite the reverse with Chopin. Herein

he belongs wholly to the school of the older masters of (to use the cant phrase) "absolute" music. Besides this, he undoubtedly succeeded in merging into one indivisible entity the most difficult problem of a tangible medium and a poetic idea. One feels that no poem, no painting, no, nor even any other musical instrument than a piano, could so exactly express what Chopin had to say. And like a mother, proud of her child, he always exhibits the piano at its best. As Rubinstein so finely puts it, Chopin was "The pianoforte bard, the pianoforte rhapsodist, the pianoforte mind, the pianoforte soul. Whether the spirit of this instrument breathed upon him, or he upon it, it is difficult to say, but only an entire mingling of the two could call such compositions as his into life. Tragic, romantic, lyric, heroic, dramatic, fantastic, soulful, sweet, dreamy, brilliant, grand, simple,—all possible expressions are sung by him upon this instrument in perfect beauty." With one bound Chopin conferred upon the piano a strong and peculiar individuality all its own, and raised it to a complete equality with the orchestra. The extreme difficulties of his technique are but tributes from an all comprehending lover to the instrument's exact capacity and possibilities. Chopin was absolute monarch in his own small realm. He did not aspire to the half rule of vaster territories, a position which at once helps us considerably in the measure of his limitations and of his greatness. One noteworthy outcome of his complete technical mastery of his medium is his present widespread popularity amongst an obviously misunderstanding multitude. In Chopin's own day the average pianist voted his compositions unplayable. No notions of this kind withhold the modern "Examining Board" or the schoolroom miss. These ruthless interpreters

emasculate his lyricism and murder his moods, but pianistically his rendition lends itself with only too much complaisance to their handling.

## IV.

Imagine that an æolian harp possessed all the musical scales, and that the hand of an artist were to cause them all to intermingle in all sorts of fantastic embellishments, yet in such a way as to leave everywhere a deep fundamental note, and a soft continuously singing upper voice, and you will get the right idea of Chopin's playing.

*Schumann.*

Whether or no Chopin was a really great performer on his instrument has been a matter of much discussion. He certainly would not have fulfilled the present day requirements of the long, stereotyped programmes repeated mechanically hundreds of times in thronged concert halls. Chopin was an aristocrat to the tips of his fingers. The democracy of huge crowds, as he confessed, appalled him, intimidating and paralyzing his every faculty. The immediate presence of only one individual to whom he felt an antipathy could wholly upset his equilibrium and prevent him from playing with any degree of ease and inspiration. And even had he wished to produce them, the big, strident effects necessary for a modern concert display before an audience of thousands would have been impossible with the light action and comparatively small tone of the pianos of his day. But to the intimate circle of connoisseurs who occasionally surrounded him, to the Heine-de Musset-George Sand *coterie*, the poetry of his whole conception, the graceful evanescence of his moods as he himself interpreted them, must have been a wonderfully unique experience. Nor can our ideals of all that is best in piano-forte playing advance beyond this beautiful suggestion of intimacy afforded by his performance. When,

for example, one has heard that, possibly, nearest approach of our times to Chopin,—Paderewski, playing naturally in a private music room, one cannot but reject the exaggerations to which this pianist perforce resorts to fulfil the exigencies of a large concert rendering.

The most interesting traditions handed down with regard to Chopin's playing all refer to its enchanting whisper. Pages, if not volumes, have also been penned upon his *tempo rubato*. He himself could explain in a very simple, practical manner what he understood by this much disputed term: "Let your left hand be your conductor and only keep time; supposing that a piece lasts a given number of minutes, by all means let it be executed in just that space of time, but in its details it may continually deviate." His left hand, therefore, would keep the strictest time, whilst to his right he permitted full licence to lean and sway and wind about through melody and arabesque in flowing, fluctuating, undulating curves. It may well be, too, that his Slav blood imbued him with that uncurbed, broad sense of rhythm, a heritage from the endless continuity of the Eastern steppes, to which the symmetry and evenness of our Western rhythms are entirely antagonistic. It is perhaps in their jerky, cramped and angular method of dislocating the curves of his phrases that many of Chopin's would-be disciples chiefly distort his music.

## V.

He who ventures to interpret Chopin ought to have a soul strung with chords, which the gentlest breath of feeling sets in vibration, and a body of such a delicate and subtle organization as to echo with equal readiness the music of the soul.

*Anon.*

Like Wagner, Chopin was a sybarite. But as with his love aspirations, so

with his cravings for luxury: they were ever tinged with something exceedingly spiritual. The more robust Teuton revelled in gorgeous dressing gowns, epicurean food, rich textured draperies. Chopin sought satisfaction for his tastes by surrounding himself with flowers of subtle scents—violets whenever he could procure them; or when composing, he liked to dip into some exquisitely bound volume of poetry: involuntarily one contrasts this with Schubert composing his Serenade at the deal table of a rough country inn. Chopin desired softly tempered lights, and an environment of sympathetic persons with harmonious, well modulated voices. In his music, this all-pervading pleasure in elegance found utterance to a great extent in his passion for dainty ornament and *floriture*. The *argément* popular with Bach and Mozart must have originated in the lack of sustaining power of those seventeenth and eighteenth century precursors of the piano, the clavichord and harpsichord. Chopin, we know, assimilated much from Bach and Mozart, but with him the *argément*, ornament, *floriture*, whatever we choose to call it, is only imaginable on a modern instrument with *legato cantilene* possibilities of tone production; and most certainly the improved pedal action of the pianoforte helped him in the evolution of his beautiful waves of tone-color. Again, whereas the *argément* of the earlier composers filled up gaps in their simple modulations, with Chopin it becomes an integral part of a composition, eddying and rippling in and out of a rich network of ever-changing harmonies, and softening any underlying chromatic harshness and dissonance.

Chopin was no "nature" poet. The beauties of mountain and sea affected him far less than did the discomforts of life. He dreaded quitting cities and civilization; and he never once greets

us with an open air, rustic note. Even in his mazourkas, where he comes nearest to "wild flowers," he always remains the gentleman, viewing the national Polish tunes and rhythms from the standpoint of a cultured onlooker; and all must acknowledge that he embodies these reminiscences upon an instrument as far removed from peasant life as is the boudoir of a princess. This, however, in no wise detracts from the merits of the mazourkas, which are not only amongst Chopin's most original creations, but are to be counted amongst the best tone lyrics of musical literature. And how aristocratic, how courtly and majestic are the polonaises. Here Chopin well-nigh borders on the epic. If he mostly affords us utterances of a feminine type of genius, in the polonaises we get an outpouring of a masculine spirit, but it is nevertheless the spirit of his mother-made man.

Chopin delighted in frequenting balls, and declared that in one evening he often embarked upon as many as twenty flirtations. His waltzes bubble over with the effervescent excitement, now gay, now dreamy, of an assembly of young dancers, and not one of them a commonplace or ugly person, for Chopin was an idealist. Each waltz is an epitome of some phase or other of ballroom life, rarified, purified, if we will, but still with all the shimmer and rustle of silks and satins, the glitter of diamonds, the iridescence of pearls. When we turn from the dances to the nocturnes we see Chopin from another aspect—a solitary dreamer. He is generally supposed to have taken the nocturne form from Field, the Irish pianist-composer, who spent so much of his life in Russia. Yet the term "nocturne" is older than either Field's or Chopin's day, and is met with in ancient church music. The name they would take thence; but it is highly probable that they each

borrowed an inspiration independently from one source—namely, the “dream” or “thought” songs (Dumki) of the Russian and Polish peasant girls and women, in which it is easy to trace the groundwork of the nocturne as evolved by the two composers, but by Chopin with infinitely more poetry and imagination than can be claimed for Field. One would like to particularize upon many of the nocturnes, and to dwell upon the scherzi, the ballades, or those inimitable volumes containing the *prélude* and the *études*.

But here it is well to pause circumspectly. The quicksands and shoals of Chopin criticism are dangerously near at hand; and there darts through one a keen pang of dissatisfaction. In a vain pursuit of the intangible Chopin spirit has one lost all hold of the composer's substance? We have indeed almost forgotten one important fact in his career, how much namely of Chopin's substance in nerve and brain energy was expended in the conscientious drudgery of a teacher. During more than half of his forty years of life this extraordinary being devoted at least four or five hours daily to tuition; and even when combating with

serious ill-health, he preferred the distasteful effort of receiving pupils and facing audiences rather than the publishing of stuff which he could easily have sold for a good price, but which he did not consider up to his standard. This enables us to realize the wonderful capacity for patient industry, the iron concentration, the strength of will and endurance underlying all his wavering moods and fantasies, and which imparted to his music, with all its delicacy, undeniable stamina and grip. Yet if we stay too long upon this or any other phase of Chopin, it may crystallize under our touch, and thereby we at once lose his true texture. Once more we make an effort to seize the Chopin spirit, and there comes to us a *nuance* of Verlaine:—

La nuance encore  
Pas la couleur, rien que la nuance  
Oh! la nuance, seule fiancée  
Le rêve au rêve, et la flûte au cor.

Could we, for just a passing moment, amalgamate substance and *nuance*, we might perhaps obtain as true a perspective of Chopin as is possible away from the keyboard and without himself seated before it.

The Contemporary Review.

A. E. Keeton.

## THE LASS OF WINDWARD FARM.

(Concluded.)

Parson Shaw, his supper finished, went out across the graveyard; and his thoughts, too, were more in keeping with the spring than they had been these four weeks past. He thought of his ruined hopes, and murmured that God knew best—a confession wrung from him, as it were, by gentle force of the spring night. He thought of wild Will Norton, and remembered only the old friendship that had lain between them. To be sure, the Squire had been wild; but, was there not ex-

cuse? From boyhood Will had been his own master, rich, and free to go his ways. From boyhood, too, he had been subject to those curious fits of moodiness of which Janet had made mention.

It was long since Parson Shaw had seen this friend of other days, and, now that he felt sure of Dorothy's escape, he let friendship ride on a loose rein. Did he not know how Will had feared the recurrence of these moody fits, which were a legacy that out-

weighed lands and riches and all else? Had not his wild life been in part excusable, as being a blind effort to escape from fear? Ay, and could he not remember many a night when Will had come to him, unnerved and desperate, to seek solace from that awful dread?

Parson Shaw was frankly sorry they had quarrelled; and in the midst of a resolve to ride across to-morrow and ask Will's pardon he found himself at Windward Farm. Hiram Hirst was leaning over the white garden-gate, smoking an after-supper pipe and thinking what rare weather this was for his fields.

"Hallo, Parson!" he called cheerily. "Are ye tasting the sweet o' the night, as I am doing?"

"Ay, just tasting the sweet o' the night, Hiram, and making my peace with God and man."

The Parson had rarely set foot of late across the threshold of Windward, and Hiram Hirst, seeing his broken-heartedness, had given a shrewd guess at the reason, and had foreborne to question his old friend. But to-night, moved by the softness of sky and land, may be, he opened the wicket and motioned the Parson to come in.

"I'm all alone, Parson. Step in and drink a measure with me."

"All alone?" said the other, doubtfully. "Where, then, is—is—"

"Dorothy? Nay, I know not. She's taken to wandering abroad these days—eats as little as would fill a sparrow, and cannot rest indoors. The spring has got into her blood, I reckon, and if 'twere not that there's not a gallant hereabouts to take her fancy, I might be getting a bit uneasy-like."

In a moment Parson Shaw had lost his peace with God and man, had lost his friendlier thoughts of wild Will Norton. Fool, fool that he had been! Had he known Will so little as to for-

get that, once he started on a chase, he rode to the finish of the hunt?

Without a farewell he went down the lane at a long, swinging trot; and Farmer Hirst, watching him, shook his head, knocked out the ashes of his pipe with slow deliberation, and went indoors.

"He's mazed!" he muttered. "Poor Parson! And he sounded so cheery-like till Dorothy's name came in among our talk. I doubt his heart is broken. Ay, I've laughed at the notion of a heartbreak, but once seen it's not forgotten."

The Parson, meanwhile, strode down the lane with a sort of instinct that he was going in the true direction. The road led straight to Fairy Dene, and Fairy Dene was ever the nook which lads and lasses sought when spring was kindly with the moors. No spot was at once so sheltered from the wind and so open to the sun, so near the open heath, where each man saw his neighbor's goings-out and comings-in, and yet so sheltered from all observation. Fool, fool that he had been never to go at gloaming-tide, or in some moonlight hour, to see if Will was to be found in this likeliest corner of the heath!

God forbid that any man should read the true tale of the Parson's heart as he went up and down, down and up, that stony, moonlit lane. For it was a man's heart, whether it were whole or broken, and its agonies must lie behind that veil of decency with which we screen the highest and the lowest realities of our motley life. Enough that the road led him to a raised strip of ling and gorse which overlooked the Dene, and that he saw Will Norton below him in the moonlight, his arm about the girl's slim waist—saw both of them halt in their lovers' walk from time to time, and talk together quietly, and kiss as if all the kisses in the world were not grown old by this time.

They parted at the foot of the track which led steeply up to where the Parson stood; and Dorothy, looking backward often, did not see the burly, black-coated figure till she neared the top.

"Good—good-even, Parson," she said, timorously.

"Ay, good-even," he answered, and passed on.

That was all. Yet in his face and in his voice there was something that made the girl shiver—something pitiless, and strong, and not to be denied. She remembered his strange wooing; she recalled his broken look of late; she saw that he was striding down the path, his face turned towards the way that Will had taken. For a while she stood there, irresolute; then, scarce knowing what she did, she followed Parson Shaw. There was trouble in the air, grievous trouble; and in some dumb fashion she felt that she must see that trouble to its end.

Parson Shaw did not know he was followed as he crossed the Dene and struck up into the desolate heath that lay between this and Norton House—the heath with its broken face where the quarry-pits riddled it from end to end. He was far ahead of Dorothy, and, moreover, his thoughts were of the man who walked in front, and not of any curious eyes that might be watching from behind.

And so the three of them passed out into the garish moonlight of the uplands—a white land marked with inky splashes where the quarries lay; and then a night-bird cried, and after that the moon was veiled by a passing cloud, and the three seemed hidden by the night.

When Janet brought in her master's breakfast on the morrow her quick eyes noted that his face was gray and lined; but his greeting was pleasant as of old,

his air was that of a man who has done some hard and necessary task, and done it, if not without weariness, at least with thoroughness.

"Ye're not just yourself this morning?" hazarded Janet, moving restlessly about the room.

"Ay, just myself, Janet. When is a man less or more. Just myself with my few good deeds and all my sins to answer for."

And so he fell-to at his breakfast, and finished it, and afterwards rode far across the moor to minister to a dying member of his flock. It was late when he returned, and Janet met him at the door.

"There's ill news, sir," she said.

The Parson winced, then pulled himself together. "What is it Janet?" he asked.

"Why, they've found poor Squire Norton at the bottom of a quarry-pit, with a broken neck; and I've had my own fears, as you know, that something ill would happen by-and-by. Didn't I tell you, when Squire never came to sup with you these weeks and weeks past, that the black mood was riding him again; and didn't I fear, without daring to lay tongue to it, that he'd make an end of himself one day?"

"Where is he lying?" The Parson's voice was cool and hard, so that Janet wondered at it.

"They carried him to the 'Norton Arms,' and there's to be a crowner's quest to-morrow. Eh, poor lad! 'Tis a hard world, and I fancied I was hardened to it, master: but I'd a soft corner in my heart for Squire Norton, and it's black to think of his running fair into the mouth of hell like this. There's no hope, I take it, master, for those as take their own lives wilfully?" she added, turning instinctively to the priest, who out of his wisdom, may be, could give her comfort.

The Parson was silent for a while; then, "Janet," he said, "God only

knows when there is hope for a man; but be sure that He condemns no man without a hearing."

And then he went into his study and locked the door; and when he came out, late on the morrow's morn, his face was older, finer, fuller of those mysteries which lie on the threshold of another life.

Dorothy Hirst, meanwhile, was lying ill at Windward Farm. The Parish leech, summoned in haste by Farmer Hirst, could make nothing of her case, and Hirst could only tell him that the girl had gone wandering down towards Fairy Dene, and had returned "all crazy-like and dumb, as if she'd seen the Brown man or the Dog." For days she lay thus, saying no word, but holding both hands tight across her eyes as if to hide some picture; and the "crown-er's quest" was held upon the body of Will Norton, and the jury, though each man, knowing the Squire's wildness and his fits of melancholy, thought it a clear case of self-murder—the jury, remembering his station and the love they'd had for him, brought in a verdict of "death by misadventure"; and the eve of the burial, which was to be in the graveyard of St. John's in the Wilderness, found Dorothy still lying on her bed, still pressing both hands on her eyes and saying naught of good or ill.

It was on the day of the burial that she came out of her lethargy. Farmer Hirst had stolen on tiptoe into her room to ask the farm-wife who was nursing her if there were any change; and the woman had shaken her head; and then the two of them had fallen to gossiping of the coming burial. Dorothy lay quiet as ever, but after her uncle had gone out she left her bed, washed and dressed herself—the farm-wife looking on, as at a miracle—and fastened on her bonnet.

"Why, bairn, whatever ails thee? Thou'rt not fit to go abroad."

"They are going to bury him, you said; and I must stand beside the grave." was all she said; and the farm-wife was too lost in wonderment to check her.

"I have no mourning garb, but *he* will understand," the girl murmured, as she went out across the garden, gay with its spring flowers, and up the lane, and into the little kirkyard.

All the countryside was seeking the same bourne, for Will Norton was as well known as Pendle Hill throughout Lonesome Heath, and his untimely end had wakened sympathy. Few noticed Dorothy Hirst as she slipped in among them and found a place close to the grave's edge; and those who did only wondered where her high spirits had gone and why she wore so pale a face.

And by-and-by Parson Shaw came out from the church, and after him the coffin, carried shoulder-height, and after that, again, the mourners. The sky, clear for the whole week before, had clouded over in the morning, and now began to drip in sullen, scattered rain; the wind had shifted to the east, and wailed among the headstones. Now and then a flake of snow would fall amid the raindrops.

"'Tis unchancy curious weather, neighbor Reddhlough," muttered one farmer to another.

"Ay, 'tis all as bleak as a new-clipt ewe; but so it should be, like, considering the job that Parson's got on hand. Poor Will Norton! Poor Squire! We could have better spared a better lad."

Grave, reverent, a striking figure, standing at the grave-head in his fluttering surplice, Parson Shaw looked round upon the folk before he spoke the opening words of the service. It was his custom so to do, as if he asked them one and all to show reverence equal to his own.

At first he saw a group of faces; and then he saw one face alone. Dorothy's eyes were fixed upon his, and with a cry of terror she awoke from that half-

sleep which had lulled her since the night when she followed Squire and Parson up into the moor. In a half-sleep she had come here, knowing only that Will was dead, and that she must needs go up and stand beside him at the last; but now she was awake, and she remembered all that she had seen beneath the moonlight.

For a moment Parson Shaw faltered; his fingers loosed their hold upon the open Prayer-book, and the wind disordered all the leaves. He found the place again, steadied himself, then went forward with the service. And Dorothy Hirst listened like one in a trance until the Parson said, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," until the sexton dropped a scattered handful of peat-mould upon the coffin. Only then did Dorothy find voice.

Straight and slim she stood, her face more beautiful in its pallor than ever it had been when the blush of the summer rose was on it.

"Thou art the man!" she said, pointing, so clearly that none could make mistake, at Parson Shaw.

The quietness of her voice carried conviction to the onlookers—carried horror, too, and blank dismay.

As for the Parson, he finished the service and then turned to Dorothy.

"What mean you, child?" he asked.

"I followed you—last Sunday night it was—after you had passed me down by Fairy Dene," said Dorothy, in the same passionless voice. "I saw a look of murder in your face, and I followed. The dead man here was alive upon that night, and he was walking just ahead of you to Norton House. I followed you both until you overtook him in the middle of the moor, where the quarry-plots are. I saw you fight together; I saw you strike him on the forehead, and saw him fall down the deepest quarry of them all. And now the dead man seems calling—calling to me to avenge him."

The Parson stood to his full height; and those who witnessed that strange scene have passed on the story to their children and their children's children how strange a dignity—nay, a glory almost—clothed the man from head to foot. The snow no longer came in single flakes, but in a gray, wan, shower that made fantastic shapes of church and gravestones; dusted the Parson's head with white, so that his close-cropped hair seemed gray before its time; settled upon the coffin, down below there in its grave, as if to show that there was something colder still than death.

"Friends," said Parson Shaw, "I thought that this deed of mine was hidden from all eyes save God's; and with God I have made my peace, and have had assurance of the same. And I was minded to continue here among you, doing God's work as best I might; for I was over-young to die and shirk my task, and by confession there seemed nothing to be gained, but rather lost. That was my purpose; but God saw otherwise, and now I must take my last farewell of you. The story Mistress Hirst has told you is true; I fought with the dead man here, and I drove him down the quarry-face, not meaning to. So now, having already given my soul into God's keeping, and repented of sins big and little that were mine, I will gladly pay my reckoning here on earth and give myself into the law's keeping."

There were men there who loved Parson Shaw, and the clean, straight manliness of him carried all hearts; yet they were affrighted and perplexed by this disaster, which had come upon them as suddenly as had the snow-storm and the bitter, crying wind.

"Parson, Parson, why did ye kill the man?" cried one old farmer.

A sigh of relief—nay, a sob—went up into the drifting snowflakes. It was

the question which all had longed and none had dared to ask.

"I fought with him," said Parson Shaw, "for reasons which no man shall ever pry into. Enough that I saw disaster coming to a virgin soul, and I tried to stay it, forgetting that God chooses his own instruments."

Dorothy, her thoughts with the dead man lying yonder, did not realize that Parson Shaw had held her honor dear, that he chose to go to his account without excuse rather than plead the true justification of his deed; and now she told all the folk of Lonesome Heath the secret that she shared with Parson Shaw.

"God help me!" she cried. "And we—the dead man there and I—were to have been wedded when the month was out."

Parson Shaw looked once at her and bowed his head. In all his reckonings no thought had come to him that wild Squire Norton might have meant well this once by the lass of his choice.

There was a pause, broken by the wailing of the wind; and the Parson raised his head, and seemed to murmur something, and fall prone into the grave below him. His broken heart had carried him staunchly so far—carried him through marshes into which

a weaker man might have sunk; but its work was done at last.

They lifted him from out the grave; and presently his housekeeper, Janet, was roused by a knocking at the parsonage door. She opened, saw the burden that they carried, and folded her arms quietly on her breast.

"Step in," she said. "Nay, never fear to tell me he is dead, for right well I know it. It was to be, neighbors. And haven't I seen the death-gray color in his face this month or more?"

And so they buried him hard by wild Will Norton; and the tale which the fathers have handed down to us is fit excuse, folk say to-day, for the wildness of the winds that blow about the gravestones of St. John in the Wilderness; excuse for the will-o'-the-wisps that wander from the moor to play about the graves; excuse for ghostly frets and tumults that stir about this lonely kirkyard on the hill.

They are a shrewd folk, these dwellers upon Lonesome Heath; and the judgment of three generations is summed up in this—that Parson Shaw was a true priest and honest gentleman. Let those who live far off from St. John's in the Wilderness forbear to judge him.

*Halliwel Sutcliffe.*

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

## THE NUMBERING OF THE EMPIRE.

It would be easy to fill whole columns with commonplace about the greatness of the British Empire by taking the first Imperial Census for a text. The mere bulk of it is impressive as on the flood extended long and large it lies floating not many a rood, but many a million square miles; to be nearly accurate about twelve millions; a fifth of the land surface of the globe. We can almost see the light of complacency in the eyes of the census compilers as

they put the two statements in apposition. Then there is the population; in round numbers four hundred millions. Let us enter with gusto into the spirit of the passage in which we are told that the British Empire extends to every continent and climate, and includes representatives of practically every race, creed, language and caste. In fact it is a demonstrable scientific statement that the sun never does set on the British Empire; and the throb of

the British drum is heard all round the world. There has never been anything so great, say some; there is not anything like it, say others; perhaps more consistently with fact. Unless one has an alert memory it is quite possible for a moment to forget that it is not the British sun which never sets on the empire. However proud we are of the enormous figures given in this blue-book we hope the trouble has been taken not to minister to the sense of self-satisfaction but to stimulate responsibility. In old days it was a serious matter taking a census. When David commanded Joab to take the first recorded census, that officer and his captains regarded it as an act of daring presumption. David's pride was gratified with the imposing figures of one million three hundred thousand fighting men in the Kingdom of Israel and Judah. But *ἰβρις* amongst the Hebrews as amongst the Greeks had its nemesis; and the poetical and relevant punishment that followed was the reduction of these notable figures by the devastation of the people by a pestilence. We have lost the awe of the census; but we can understand David's pride in his fighting men for the reason that it puts our own pride of empire into the shade; inasmuch as even the British Empire cannot put one million three hundred thousand fighting men in the field. So that the comparison of the first Hebrew census with our premier one of 1906 reveals the fact that the potency of an empire is not in proportion to its size and its population.

It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make man better be.

This may surprise those who seem to forget that there were empires before the British, whose organizing and governing power and influence on history are of greater certainty than anything we can yet affirm of the Brit-

ish Empire. Who can assert that its influence on the world at large is so much greater than contemporary empires as it surpasses them in bulk? Prehistoric empires are being revealed by modern discoveries that, before they perished, had given direction to the whole course of subsequent civilization. In the blue-book form, and the accounts of scholars of the Hittites, or the Pelasgians, or the Assyrians and Babylonians or Egyptians, are something of that kind, they are quite as astonishing as our Imperial Census. What a blue-book the bureau of Rome could have compiled of the peoples and languages and occupations and religions, the wealth and the productions included within the bounds of its empire! It had not so many barbarians or semi-barbarians as we have; but instead of them it had the most highly civilized nations of the world. And they were in fact governed as an empire. We, when we speak of our empire over peoples who are as civilized as ourselves, know that we have not done what the Romans did. Either we have lost the civilized peoples as we did the Americans; or we do not rule them, but giving up the problem leave them to be self-governing colonies. The Romans made an empire and governed it for centuries. We are still fumbling over the attempt to make a real and not a nominal empire; and perhaps one of the effects of the census will be to encourage those who declare that it is impossible to make an empire out of such heterogeneous materials. If such empire as we have passed away in its present condition, the historians' verdict would be: a British empire looked like a splendid possibility but it was never realized. It was a rough outline, but far too sketchy to be called a picture. What sort of an empire was that which had no common commercial system; whose subjects of one part were excluded by

the laws of another part; whose military administration at the centre could be nullified by local independence; and which had no power of obtaining money or men from its provinces for imperial purposes? The enigma of the so-called British Empire was that one small country of some forty millions of people should have actually conquered and ruled a vast empire like India, and most of the barbarians of the earth, but that it should have failed to form a real political union with the communities of its own stock.

Besides in estimating the relative importance of the British Empire there is much doubt whether its moral and social influence will ultimately be so great in the world as that of Rome. Time in growing old thoroughly teaches all things, as Prometheus observes in prophesying, only unfortunately we of the actual generation are too soon for the lesson. Neither, as far as we can know, the assimilating power nor the laws of the British Empire will have had so great an effect in moulding peoples to the character of the dominant power as had the power and laws of the Romans. Even they did not make Romans in the East as they did in the West, but they left their stamp on an infinitely greater number of the diverse peoples who came under their sway than the British power seems likely to do. They ruled the Western world by the imperial laws for centuries after their empire had passed; and they do so still. This is a dominion denied to the British laws except over peoples of our own race. So that we find many chastening considerations in the British Imperial Census. The spirit in which to receive its imposing demonstration of the dominions under the British flag should not be that of the excessively rich man who realizes too consciously his wealth, but is helpless to direct its use to clearly-

defined purposes. The possibilities rather than the present facts of the empire appeal to those who would rather do something for the empire than plume themselves on the distinction of belonging to it. Every man who thinks thus may find his opportunity in the practical politics of the day. Nor will he allow himself to despair over that haunting question, part of the general pessimistic questionings of all things, as to the inevitable destiny of all empires, Roman or British, which he encounters in the facts concerning decrease of population which meet him in this census blue-book. There seems no more intelligible explanation of the decay of empires than the failure of the original stock whose numbers and virtues founded them. Probably this is a natural law no more to be resisted than the advance of old age and the coming of death. It is remarkable that in all the countries of British blood the birth rate has been steadily decreasing during the last twenty years: in the British Islands, the Australian colonies and America. The balance between the governing and the governed seems to be in favor of the governed; though during the last ten years the Indian birth-rate has decreased also with the birth-rate of the British stock. From 1881 to 1901 the increase of population throughout the empire was from three hundred and ten millions to four hundred millions; but British peoples and the Indian people have not contributed to the increase in proper proportion. Special circumstances, as famine and plague, account for the Indian decrease; but no such specific causes are assigned for the decline in the birth-rate of the people of British race. It is not peculiar to them, as most European countries, Germany and Russia being the chief exceptions, are in the same case. Superabundant population has its drawbacks; but a steadily declining

birth-rate has generally marked a decline of power and deteriorating industrial conditions. So that there is something ominous in a non-progressive birth-rate in Great Britain, and it is even more surprising in new countries

like the Australian colonies. Nor is it much consolation that the facts of the population in the United States, if set out in their true light, tell a similar tale.

The Saturday Review.

## LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

### THE APPOINTMENT.

#### I.

*Mr. Adrian Spilling, of the Education Office, to Miss Meta Bland.*

(By hand. Wait reply.)

*My dear Girl,*—What has happened? I waited for you from five minutes to three until twenty past four, when I had to go in order to show up in Whitehall for a little while. Where can you have been? It is not as if I had so much time to spare that it can be frittered away like this. Surely I wrote clearly enough—"Under the clock, Victoria, at three." I distinctly remember writing these words. Please let me have a line at any rate to say you are all right.

Yours always, A.

#### II.

*Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.*  
(By hand. Wait reply.)

*My dear Adrian,*—Do send me a word to say you are well, and that it was only some horrid office business that kept you. I am so nervous about you. I waited as you told me under the clock at Victoria, from five minutes past three (I could not possibly get there before) until four, and then I gave it up and went to *Mrs. Legge's* to tea, as I was compelled to do. Unless you had come and gone before I got there, I cannot have missed you, for I watched everybody that entered the station. These broken appointments are terribly wearing. I am tired out

this evening, and quite unfit to dine at the *Sergisons*, where they always talk about *Velasquez* and show you sprigs of the true poet's laurel.

Ever yours, M.

#### III.

*Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.*  
(By hand. Answer to No. 1.)

*Dear Adrian,*—I haven't the slightest idea what your letter means. I repeat that I waited under the clock at Victoria from five minutes past three until four. If you also were there you were invisible. I am relieved to find you are all right.

Yours, M.

#### IV.

*Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.*  
(By hand. Answer to No. 2.)

*Dear Meta,*—It is inexplicable to me. I was certainly there, and as certainly you were not; and another afternoon has been lost. These things I simply cannot view with composure. Life is too short. I will let you know about Thursday as soon as I can, but my Chief seems to be inclined to resent my long absence to-day, and I shall have to be a little careful.

Yours, A.

P.S.—It has just occurred to me that you may have been waiting at the London and Brighton part of the station. That, of course, would explain it although how you could imagine me to mean that I cannot think.

V.

*Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.*

Dear Adrian,—I have only just learned that there are two stations at Victoria. Considering how often I have been to Brighton lately, you surely might have been more explicit and said quite plainly that it was the other that you meant. It is all very foolish and disappointing. I should like to forget it.

Yours, M.

VI.

*Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.*

Dear Meta,—I should like to forget it too; but what you say simply bowls me out. I always looked upon you as one of the few women who have any intelligence. How you can say you did not know there was another Victoria passes my knowledge, when it was from there that we went on that awful visit to your aunt at Faversham. However, I shall know better next time.

Yours, A.

VII.

*Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.*

Dear Adrian,—I thought we went to Faversham from Charing Cross; but anyway I don't see why you are so bitter about poor Aunt Adelaide. I am sure she was very kind to you, and even let you smoke in the house, which no one was ever allowed to do before. It seems to me that since you knew all about there being two Victoria Stations you might have walked over to the other one to see if I was there..

Yours, M.

VIII.

*Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.*

Dear Meta,—I don't understand you at all about your Aunt. All the time we were there you were scheming to be out of doors, and I still remember your sigh of relief when the train started on the Monday morning; but now you

take a directly opposite view. I suppose women are like this. As to coming over to the Brighton side to see if you were there, I never dreamed you could be so foolish as to make the mistake, and besides, if I had left my post I might have missed you. But do let us drop this wretched subject.

I am very sorry to say that I can't possibly take you to hear *Hegedüs* on Friday as we had planned. My Chief has asked me to dinner, and it amounts to a command. But I could come afterwards and take you home.

Yours, A.

IX.

*Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.*

Dear Adrian,—It doesn't in the least matter about *Hegedüs*, as *Mr. Cumnor-Hall* who was here this evening when your note came, is going to take us. Please don't trouble to leave your party in order to fetch me home, as *Mr. Cumnor-Hall* has asked us to have supper afterwards. He is always so generous about things like that.

Yours, M.

X.

*Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.*

Dear Meta,—Of course you must do as you wish about *Cumnor-Hall*. I shall certainly not come to fetch you, as he is not the kind of man that I care about. Your sneer about my want of generosity is the cruellest thing I ever remember any one saying to me. When one has only £300 a year in a Government office and a very small private income, supper parties at the Savoy are not easy things. If you want luxuries like that it is a pity you ever made me love you.

Yours, A.

XI.

*Miss Meta Bland to Mr. Adrian Spilling.*

Dear Adrian,—You are most unkind and unfair. You know I did not mean

to suggest that you were ungenerous. I think of you as the most generous man I know. And you ought to know that the last thing I should ever do would be to sneer at you. I don't sneer at any one, least of all at you. But that horrid Victoria Station affair seems to have made us both ready to misunderstand each other. Do let us have all Saturday afternoon somewhere and forget this stupid bad-tempered week. Ever yours, M.

Punch.

XII.

*Mr. Adrian Spilling to Miss Meta Bland.  
(By hand.)*

*My Darling Meta,—We will go to Kew on Saturday afternoon. I will come for you at half-past two. I hope you will think this little piece of enamel rather sweet. I do.*

Yours always, A.

### THE MANIA OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," cried Lord Melbourne once, after listening to an evangelical curate's sermon, "when religion is allowed to invade the sphere of private life!" But no man of Lord Melbourne's generation lived to hear the social habits of his class directly rebuked by a bishop. Dr. Gore, preaching in his cathedral at Birmingham the other day, invited all Christians to make use of this year's Lent by "learning to do without." The rate of expenditure upon social and personal objects in England, he said, was "absurdly and needlessly extravagant." In living, in dress, above all in entertaining, the pitch of luxury to which we now went was a deplorable thing. The Bishop added that "he knew this admonition was needed as much by the wage-earners as by the wealthy"; though he might have pointed out that social standards come from above for the most part, and that thriftlessness is encouraged right down to the bottom of the wage scale by a profusion among the well-to-do that suggests ease and volume in the flow of wealth. The effect upon the whole social life of the time exercised by the "Nabobs" and their tainted riches was generally noted in the later eighteenth century. It is regarded almost as a

matter of patriotism at this moment by the British working man to spend more freely than a Frenchman or a German of identical economic power, and so long as the people whose proceedings interest him continue to wallow in their wealth, he will be tempted to dabble in his. Certainly the thing denounced by Dr. Gore exists, though reasons shall be adduced for taking it with calm. It exists; and at last the Anglican Church advances a bishop to the attack. The fact is worth pausing upon. The end of the "quiet worldliness" that Mr. G. W. E. Russell has noted as the characteristic of the Church in the days before the Catholic revival which has given us Dr. Gore is not yet, by any means. But the negation of it has penetrated to the episcopate, from which, by the same token, has departed most of the temporal magnificence of the time (but a century ago) when "even the Bishop of impecunious Oxford never appeared in his cathedral city without four horses and two powdered footmen."

There is lavish spending, as the Bishop tells us so roundly, everywhere. There is a mania of expense among those who can afford it, which is bad, and among those who cannot, which is abominable. But the people who

raise the alarm about a levity peculiar to the time probably exaggerate the matter. What Dr. Gore has described is nothing new. On the contrary, the wave-length of the historical vibration between extravagance and sobriety of living is short. A community's fashion of dealing with its wealth changes like any other fashion. The Victorian, at the height of the period of quiet living, might read in the pages of *Godolphin* the noble author's lament over the decline of a proper standard of magnificence in the surroundings of the great. The simple life, to Lytton, seemed degradation. He sighed for the days when men painted their arms over half the area of a carriage-door, and when it was humanly possible for the young Disraeli to go into society in green velvet, girdled with a rich shawl, in which a jewelled dagger was thrust. We have not returned to such practices, but we are getting back to something like that temper, as Dr. Gore warns us. People are always discovering this nowadays. Mrs. John Lane's suggestive little book, *The Champagne Standard*, is perhaps the latest of the many lamentations over the emulous extravagance of English society to-day. But the age does itself a great injustice when, taking such rebukes to heart, it regards itself as pound-foolish beyond all precedent. Considering how much money there is to be spent, it cannot be maintained that modern England spends it at an unheard-of pace. If we consider the greatly enlarged field of modern expenditure, our luxury may be, as we are often told it is, greater than that of any foregoing time. But so is our wealth. Better things might be done with it, no doubt; but if one of the great episcopal historians had been occupying that Birmingham pulpit instead of Dr. Gore, he might have found hopeful matter for the argument among his recollections. The expendi-

ture of the rich man of other days (he might have said), while it challenged that of our own days for extravagance, often rested upon a basis of human misery far greater than modern Socialism can point to as underlying modern luxury. We make a fuss to-day about the wastefulness of a dozen gentlemen who, having picked up millions where they lay waiting in the clay at Kimberley, "usher in worthily Christian Lent" with an eccentric meal at a cost of perhaps as much as fifty pounds a head. But how does that notorious Diggers' Dinner at the Gaiety Restaurant or any other of the preposterous feasts of the millionaire compare with the banquet offered to Vitellius by his brother, at which two thousand dishes of fish and seven thousands of birds, among other courses, were served? In four months, it was reckoned, that capacious Emperor spent in the maintenance of his table more than seven millions of our money. Yet to-day people are thrilled when they hear of the four-figure salary paid to the cook of a famous English parliamentarian (whose name was not unconnected with the leadership of the Labor party). We have our own ways of squandering, it is true, as the Romans had theirs; but such a thing as the forcible draining of the wealth of whole nations for the support of a band of loafers is unknown to us. As for the dress of to-day and other intimate expenditure, no contemporary of ours spends so much upon his own person as an Italian prince or cardinal of the Renaissance would daily devote to the care and nourishment and adorning of his body; and the women were not behindhand. It is considered expensive to keep yachts and to own a racing stable. But to form a really fine collection of dwarfs and deformed persons, in days when the competition for those rarities was warm among the great men

of Europe, was a much more costly business. Any one who believes that our wealthy men break records at making the money fly will find much to undeceive him in the pages of the English chroniclers alone, from the fifteenth century onwards. A Venetian ambassador has left, for example, an account of a little supper given by Cardinal Wolsey. The like of it, in his learned opinion, "was never given by Cleopatra or Caligula." The banquet-hall was "so decorated with huge vases of gold and silver that I fancied myself in the tower of Chosroes when that monarch caused divine honors to be paid him." To come nearer to our own day, consider the splendor in which the great aristocrats of the early nineteenth century lived; that magnificence which Lytton sighed to see departing. It was not competitive, truly, and not brutally ostentatious, like so much of the spending of the present day; they regarded it only as a standard of stateliness due to their position in the country. But it was enormously costly, and that 'is the point. The Whig lords got rid of money in astonishing quantities. All society felt the force of the example, as it felt the prosperous consequences of the administration of Pitt, and living then, as now, was "absurdly and needlessly extravagant."

Spending money, it is to be remembered, though it so easily grows to a vice, is an occupation, and an interesting one. It is a task of selection, to which great powers may be devoted, with the object of forming within the

chaos of material commodities a microcosm of desirable and ordered property, or of wresting rare experience from the world. The greatest minds have felt its fascination. Few men have spent more money than Cæsar did. In thousands of quite obscure cases, and in many famous ones, such as Chatham's and the late Lord Anglesey's, it degenerates into actual mania. And though spending money never brought any one abiding happiness, it is of no use to say so. It is one of the things, like love, or like power, upon which no human being of spirit is ready to accept any verdict but his own. The economist and the moralist unite in pointing out the evil of spending too much. But what is the poor rich man to do?—and above all, the rich woman? What are they to do with the money, and what are they to do with themselves, if the engrossing and time-killing pursuit of spending is to be given up? On this point there is less free advice to be had. Some economists have a Socialist answer to the difficulty of a large fortune in being. Some moralists tell the unemployed millionaire to busy himself with philanthropy. Whatever may happen, the hope of the future lies rather in a development of ideals than in a readjustment of the burden of riches. Men living among the inexhaustible treasure-houses of terrestrial nature are never beyond all danger of the diseases of prosperity, save at those times when they are caring passionately for things that cannot be bought.

**THE CONGO EXPOSURES.**

In the last two weeks a prolonged debate over the Congo question has taken place in the Belgian Chamber, on an interpellation by M. Vandervelde, the Socialist leader, who in previous years has interpellated his Government regarding the Congo no fewer than five times. Misgovernment in the Congo Free State is not a thing of yesterday, but the body of testimony to it is now much stronger than it formerly was, and the problem of its mending or ending cannot much longer be kept from most seriously preoccupying European diplomacy.

We may concede that the pioneer critics of the Congo in this country did not always advance their cause by the vehemence with which they asserted the existence of barely credible evils. Even Consul Casement's very important report might have been more widely convincing had it been less strong. Defenders of the Congo were apt to divert attention by pointing out the Government's overlooked virtues—the suppression of the slave trade, the gigantic efforts of material progress, the railways, roads, posts, telegraphs, laws and law courts. Pleasure trips to the Congo, bringing the visitors into touch only with central and favored spots, confirmed the notion that the State had been blamed overmuch. Yet all the time the terrible accusations, levelled by a handful of well-informed persons in England, France, and Belgium, were true. And when last year, under English pressure, an official Commission of Inquiry was despatched to the Congo, it was forced by the facts substantially to admit it. The official reserve shown in its statements and reasonings could not alter their gist, and it greatly heightens their significance. We have only the

Commissioners' Report; the evidence which they had before them the Congo Free State has not dared to make public. But such as it is, the official material now available puts the critics in a new position. This position has been subsequently improved by several remarkable books, notably by those of M. Mille of Paris and Professor Cattier of Brussels. Moreover, the Roman Catholic missionaries have at last turned strongly against the Government.

The State, (i.e., King Leopold) has followed up its Commission of Inquiry with a Reform Commission appointed to realize the somewhat meagre practical proposals suggested by its predecessor. To this body M. de Favereau, the Belgian Foreign Minister, pinned his faith, and the bulk of the Ministerialists in the Belgian Chamber supported him. But there is force in M. Vandervelde's observation, that autocracies, like the Congo Free State, are never self-reformed; their reform comes from outside pressure. Even if the Commission of Inquiry had formulated a clearer programme, the Reform Commission might have lacked the momentum to follow it out. As it is, one expects still less; for the fact is that the Congo authorities have immense financial interests at stake in the preservation of Congo misgovernment. The severities practised there have not been for severities' sake; the inefficiency and laxity rife there have not been involuntary. The administration has been severe in order to squeeze high profits; it has been inefficient and lax in order to cut down working expenses. It is therefore no mere change of methods as such, but a change in the whole will and purpose of the State that is indispensable.

The State has been run for the profits of shareholders, with no due regard for the welfare of the natives. It ought, of course, to be run for the welfare of the natives with no undue regard for the profit of the shareholders. That was the understanding of the Powers when they gave it its international mandate at Paris a quarter of a century ago.

The profits made have been high. The "Société Auversoise du Commerce du Congo," one of the principal companies working and policing a concession of rubber territory, has paid a dividend averaging 420 francs on 500-franc shares. The Abir, another, has paid even better. The State (i.e., King Leopold) has had extensive holdings in both companies. The profits of the "Domaine de la Couronne," that is, of the gigantic concessions which the State exploits itself, are impossible to ascertain, because the money goes mainly into the King's pocket, and no account is given of it. But from various indications Professor Cattier calculates that since 1896 the Domaine has yielded nearly three millions sterling of profit. One has to remember that this wealth is being got out of a country whose inhabitants and resources are so poor, backward, undeveloped, unorganized, uncivilized, that an honest Government might well despair of making any profit at all. The profit has been normally made by forced labor, extortionate exactions, and the free use of hippopotamus-hide, and in the darkest instances by wholesale pillage and massacre, by tortures and mutilations. These methods are not developing the country; they are robbing it of what capital wealth it has. The profits have not been spent in or on the Congo; the King and the other shareholders spend them in Eu-

rope. The native population, in spite of the abolition of the slave trade and of tribal wars, is rapidly decreasing, and the country becomes from year to year a less and less valuable heritage.

This is a serious consideration both for the Powers and for Belgium. Belgium is King Leopold's immediate heir; for under the will which the King has executed as sovereign of the Free State his sovereign position devolves on Belgium at his death, if Belgium will accept it. Moreover, Belgium has lent the Free State thirty-one and a half million francs without interest, which is equivalent to an annual subsidy. But if the present Congo Government impoverishes the country much longer its proper administration might prove, and may now prove, too costly a burden for Belgium to undertake. Nor would international control be, in that case, an easy remedy. The crux is financial. If the restoration of decent conditions in the Congo Basin entails a heavy loss, who is to bear the loss? No concert of disinterested Powers would; Belgium, or some other State would have to be given a mandate, and it would be difficult to guarantee a disinterestedness which might inevitably be very expensive. This is one of the reasons which make delay specially to be deprecated now. It is not only the sufferings of the present, which for humanity's sake should be stopped; but the bankruptcy of the future which should be forestalled. M. Vandervelde asked for a Belgian parliamentary inquiry to examine this aspect of the problem, so far as it concerns Belgium's future policy. The Chamber refused it, relying on the Reform Commission; and the duty of taking more effective action is therefore left to the Powers.

The Speaker.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago publishes a slender and fully illustrated book upon Friedrich Schiller, by Paul Carus, which includes a sketch of his life, a survey of his philosophical poetry, and some specimens in translation of his lyric verse. Special consideration is given to "The Lay of the Bell" which is printed both in the original text and in translation is illustrated with copies of Müller's well-known pictures.

"A House of Cobwebs," by George Gissing, which is soon to be published, will contain about twelve short stories, collected from various sources, at least one half of which will be unfamiliar to readers of Gissing. His only other volume of short stories, entitled "Human Odds and Ends," was published nearly ten years ago. A critical survey of Gissing's work (he published in all not less than 26 volumes between 1880 and 1906) of about 50 pages has been contributed by Mr. Thomas Seecombe.

A little "portrait biography" of Sir Henry Irving, by Mr. Mortimer Menpes and Miss Dorothy Menpes, will shortly be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black, who have another volume in preparation in their large color series by the same collaborators, dealing with the Thames in all its aspects from Oxford to London-bridge. The next volume in this series will be "Wessex," painted by Mr. Walter Tyndale, and described by Mr. Clive Holland; to be followed by "Constantinople," painted by Mr. Warwick Goble, with letterpress by Dr. Alexander van Millingen, Professor of History at Robert College, Constantinople; "Greece," with pictures

by Mr. John Fulleylove, R. L., and text by the Rev. J. A. M'Clymont; and "Algeria and Tunis," painted and described by Frances E Nesbitt.

Quite aside from Frances Hodgson Burnett's usual line is "The Dawn of a To-morrow," a slender story whose central figure is a rich man tortured by insomnia to the brink of suicide. Going out into the thick of a London fog for a revolver, he stumbles over a desperately poor and hungry little elf, the whim seizes him to spend his last hours in distributing the coin in his pockets, and on the sights which he sees under "Glad's" eager convoy depends the dawn of his to-morrow. The scenes in Appleblossom Alley are painted with feeling and skill; Jinny Montaubyn, the superannuated dancer, is a striking character; the story conveys not so much a moral as an interpretation of life, and its whole effect is cheering and heartening. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have arranged to publish a comprehensive "History of English Literature," on a scale and plan more or less resembling that of "The Cambridge Modern History." The work will be published in about twelve royal octavo volumes of some 400 pages each and will cover the whole course of English literature from "Beowulf" to the end of the Victorian age. The action of foreign influences, and the part taken by secondary writers in successive literary movements, will receive a larger share of attention than is possible in shorter histories, in which lesser writers are apt to be over-shadowed. Each volume will contain a sufficient

bibliography, and the whole will be edited by Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, and Mr. A. R. Waller.

Madame Hyacinthe Loyson's "To Jerusalem Through the Lands of Islam" (The Open Court Publishing Company) is in part the record of a journey made by the author a few years ago, and in part an appeal for a better understanding and a closer fellowship between the three great monotheistic faiths, Judaism, Christianity and Islam. In her concluding chapter, the author sums up and contrasts the salient characteristics and teachings of Islam and Christianity, mostly to the disadvantage of the latter, although she is at pains to add that she firmly believes that the Christian ideal of life is the highest ever revealed to man. It is avowedly and intentionally the sunny side of Islam which Madame Loyson depicts in this volume: but the reader who understands and makes allowance for her prepossessions will find not a few fresh and interesting things in the book. There are numerous illustrations.

"Descartes, His Life and Times," by Elizabeth S. Haldane (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a vivid and profoundly interesting study of the life and teachings of the great philosopher. The first half of the seventeenth century was a period of great stir in Europe, intellectual, moral and political. To all these different activities Descartes was keenly alert and in all of them he had some share. Miss Haldane has prepared herself for her work of describing Descartes's career and influence by a thorough study of his environment: and her book, as its title suggests, is more than a biography of its subject. It is a graphic picture of his times, and especially of the worlds of

society, of research and of letters. Impressive and picturesque as was the figure of Descartes, and significant and enduring as was his work, this is the first adequate biography of him accessible to English readers. It is fortunate that its preparation has fallen to a writer so conscientious in research, so broad in her sympathies and possessed of so limpid and forceful a style.

In his studies of nineteen "American Literary Masters" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Leon H. Vincent has achieved a happy medium between the elaborate treatment of a biographer, and the scrappy notes of a compendium of literature. He has a direct and facile style, a good sense of proportion and a trained literary judgment. While he is not able to give more than twenty-five or thirty pages, on the average, to each of his "masters,"—Irving, Bryant, Cooper, Longfellow, Poe, Bancroft, Prescott, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and the rest, each of his essays is complete in itself and each gives a succinct but satisfactory account of the life, character and works of the subject. Mr. Vincent has the happy talent of condensing without appearing to condense. There are no superfluities or repetitions, but neither are there any signs of conscious compression. The chapter on Lowell may be taken as a fair specimen of all. It is less than thirty pages long, yet it outlines his ancestry, depicts his character, describes his career, and characterizes his varied writings in prose and verse with just and sympathetic appreciation. This or any other chapter may be read separately with pleasure; and taken together, they constitute a sort of literary history of this country during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century.